

California Historical Society Quarterly

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Voyage to California of Sebastian Rodriguez Cermeño in 1595 3 With Notes and a Translation by Henry R. Wagner.	
Jedediah Smith's Route Across the Sierra in 1827..... 25 (A reply to F. N. Fletcher) C. Hart Merriam.	
Portsmouth Square..... 30 A paper read before the California Historical Society, March 25. Helen Throop Purdy.	
The Memoirs of Lemuel Clarke McKeeby..... 45 The Overland Journey.	
Colonel Philip Leget Edwards and His Influence Upon Early Immigration to the Far West..... 73 Charles L. Camp.	
Documentary 84	
Book Reviews..... 89	
Meetings of the Society..... 95	

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California Historical Society Quarterly

THE VOYAGE TO CALIFORNIA OF SEBASTIAN

RODRIGUEZ CERMEÑO IN 1595.

Luis de Velasco, usually known as Luis de Velasco the second, to distinguish him from his father who had been viceroy thirty years before, was appointed Viceroy of New Spain in 1589 to replace the Marques de Villamanrique, against whom charges had been made. Velasco landed at Vera Cruz on December 29 of that year, and reached Mexico City January 25, 1590.

By this time the Philippine trade had assumed very large proportions and engrossed a good share of the attention of the viceroys of Mexico, who had the Philippines under their charge. Besides the trade itself, the viceroy was interested in the movement to the islands of men, supplies, and money to support the establishment there. Villamanrique had adopted a plan to turn over the government ships to private individuals, and as a matter of fact had sold one of them. This was one of the causes of complaint in the charges made against him, and this policy did not meet with favor in Madrid. As soon as Velasco arrived, he therefore took up the subject with vigor, and in that year sent home several long reports on the trade with his recommendations, which, so far as the movement was concerned, were, briefly, that the government employ more vessels. In the course of a general letter, written June 27, 1591, he stated that the navigation to and from the Islands was giving him great concern, and especially the return voyage, as it was very long and there were no ports on the coast where stops could be made in case of necessity. In this connection he recalled the voyage of Gabriel de Rivera, whose ship had arrived at Acapulco on January 28, short of supplies and with the crew sick. He was desirous of obtaining knowledge about the ports on the coast and their position, and would endeavor to obtain the information by means of a voyage south along the coast, if this could be done without cost to the royal treasury.

The motive imputed by recent writers on California history to the Viceroys Velasco and Moya de Contreras, of fomenting the voyages of Rodriguez Cermeño and Gali on account of the activities of the English corsairs, Drake and Cavendish, on the coast, finds no support

in any contemporary document that has come under my notice. They should no doubt have been fearful of English settlement on the California coast, but somehow failed to show any apprehension whatever on that score.

On February 5 or 8 [copies both ways], 1593, Velasco acknowledged the receipt of a *cédula* on this scheme of his, which ordered him to have the reconnaissance made, but he answered that there was a difficulty, namely, the lack of funds. He wrote that there was a man willing to undertake the task under certain conditions, the principal one being that he should have the right to carry money along with which to trade in the ports that he might discover. Velasco said that he was somewhat suspicious of this proposal and feared that it might lead to great inconveniences, and therefore he had not acceded to it. He thought, however, that by limiting the quantity of goods or money to be carried, and by prohibiting trading in any port which might be discovered, even if forced there by bad weather, something might be negotiated, and he asked the advice of the Crown on that subject. On the 17th of January, 1593 [probably 1594], the King wrote a letter ordering the voyage of discovery to be made, and allowing Velasco to permit some trading by whoever should undertake the work. On April 6, 1594, Velasco acknowledged the receipt of this and said that he had bought the *San Pedro* to make the reconnaissance, which would serve in case no other ship in Manila should be available. He added that he had ordered Sebastian Rodriguez Cermeño, who was going out as pilot on the *Capitana*, to make this voyage of discovery, and had offered him the privilege of carrying on the ship that he was to bring a certain number of tons of freight, so as to earn the freight money, and said that he had advised the governor of the Islands to that effect and had asked him to furnish Rodriguez Cermeño with what was necessary. He said that although Rodriguez Cermeño was a Portuguese he was very skilled in navigation, and added that, besides, there were no Spaniards in the profession.

The vessel on which Rodriguez Cermeño sailed left Acapulco March 21, 1594, but when he arrived at the Philippines, for some reason the *San Pedro* was not used for the voyage of discovery, and the Governor, Perez das Marinas, made a contract with Pedro Sarmiento, a well-known Philippine captain, to supply a ship, no doubt giving Sarmiento the privilege of shipping some goods on the vessel. The *San Agustín* was a small vessel of not over two hundred tons burden. Four vessels left the Islands that year for Acapulco, and the following year a scandal arose about some frauds in the shipments on these vessels, it being charged that more goods had been shipped than showed

on the register, in order to evade the small export duty on goods from the Islands. In a letter about this, from Manila, June 16, 1596, it was stated that the *San Agustin* had one hundred and thirty tons of cargo on board. In 1609, in an *Informacion* from which the above account of the contract is taken, Sarmiento claimed that his loss amounted to 50,000 pesos; from which it is evident that a considerable portion of the cargo, if not the larger portion, belonged to others. The vessel left Cavite in Manila harbor on the 5th of July, and after an uneventful passage anchored in what is now known as Drake's Bay, on the 6th of November. The captain claimed to have sighted the coast in about 42° , and sailing south had passed Cape Mendocino. From the known latitudes of places at which Rodriguez Cermeño made observations of the sun, it appears that his observations were too high by from a half to two-thirds of one degree; and it is therefore probable that he did not sight the coast in 42° , but more likely in 41° or $41\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$.

From the account given of his entrance into Drake's Bay, it is apparent that the vessel did not anchor behind the small point, but somewhere farther east, very likely off the mouth of one of the small arroyos where at present there is a pool of fresh water. Rodriguez Cermeño, who had had experience with northwest storms, evidently considered himself safe at this point, where he was protected from winds from that quarter. No account of the loss of the vessel has so far been found, so we are obliged to conjecture that sometime during the latter part of November a southeast storm arose, and as the vessel had no protection from this, she was forced on shore and lost. There are several statements differing as to the loss. In a letter from the royal officials of Acapulco, dated the 1st of February, 1596, it is stated that a Franciscan friar and other persons were lost. A letter from the *Audiencia* in Mexico, of March 5, 1596, says that the vessel was lost in 28° of latitude, that twelve were drowned and all the goods lost; whereas a letter of Licenciado Rivero, one of the *oydores*, dated March 6, 1596, said that seven men were drowned and a quantity of goods lost belonging to private individuals.

When Francisco de Bolaños, who was a pilot with Rodriguez Cermeño, visited this coast with Vizcaino, he made out a *derrotero* of the voyage, which is still extant in the *Biblioteca Nacional* in Madrid. It was written in 1603 after the return. In this Bolaños says, speaking of Point Reyes and of the bay, that there is a very good refuge from the south and southeast winds in a corner at the southwestern part of the small bay which the eastern part of the point makes. He gives the directions of the Farallones from the point, and altogether identifies the bay without any question. He adds that here the *San*

Agustin was lost in 1595, and states that the loss was more the fault of the captain than of the bad weather.

Professor C. E. Chapman in his *History of California* has given copious extracts from Rodriguez Cermeño's account of the voyage, but it seems advisable to print the whole account with the exception of the first part, which is simply a tiresome story of changes of direction, and distances run from the time of leaving the bay of Manila to the arrival in California. A summary of this is therefore prefixed to the account of the exploration on the California coast which begins on the 4th of November. No doubt Rodriguez Cermeño had a map of the coast, as we find that he employed several names which had previously been applied by other navigators. No mention is made of the previous voyage of Unamuno on the coast; it is therefore probable that he did not have an account of that voyage. Besides Cape Mendocino, the only names previously known which he uses are the bay of Pescadores, the island of San Agustin, the island of Cedros and the bay Engañosa, by which no doubt he meant the bay that is just north of the island of Cedros, famous for the difficulties which Ulloa had in crossing it in 1540. He gave two new names, namely, the bay of San Francisco to what is now known as Drake's Bay, and the bay of San Pedro, which was certainly Monterey Bay, although the latitude of 37° which he assigns to it is a little too low, allowing for his usual error. Nevertheless, from the distance across from point to point mentioned by him it could be no other than Monterey Bay.

I am unable to agree with Professor Chapman that Rodriguez Cermeño stopped on the Santa Barbara Channel and at the islands of Santa Catalina and San Clemente, or that his bay of Pescadores was San Diego Bay. The account of the islands as given in the narrative can only refer to the Santa Barbara Channel islands; and the fact that the Indians at the place where he stopped before reaching the islands had boats made of tule entirely negatives the supposition that they were Santa Barbara Channel Indians, as these latter used boats of boards. Just how far north the use of these peculiar board canoes extended I do not know. Pedro Fages in 1775 in his *Suplemento Noticia del estado que guardan las Misiones de Monterey y California* states that the Indians at San Luis Obispo lived largely on fish, but instead of describing the boats which they had he refers to a description contained in the *Diario Historico*, published in Mexico in 1770. Reference to this establishes the fact that the boats to which he referred were the board canoes, from which we must infer that he meant to say that the San Luis Obispo Indians had boats of that character. The record of the Portolá expedition to Monterey Bay in 1769

does not contain any notice of these Indians on the shore at San Luis Obispo, nor in Estero Bay, but as they passed considerably inland at San Luis Obispo, and also passed over the mountains to the north of Estero Bay without going into the northwestern corner of the bay, it is possible that Indians living there might have escaped their notice. Vancouver, who came along the coast in 1793, speaks about a wooden canoe coming out from what is now San Simeon, but it may be that after the advent of the missionaries the Santa Barbara Channel boat was brought into use among the Indians further north. Dr. F. W. Hodge in his *Handbook of American Indians* restricts the use of the board boats to the Indians known as the Chumashan and is of the opinion that these Indians ranged from the bay of San Luis Obispo down to about the middle of the bay of Santa Monica. On the contrary, however, Dr. C. Hart Merriam tells me that the San Luis Obispo Indians were entirely different from the Chumashan Indians. The fact seems to be that the Indians who afterwards assembled at the Mission of San Luis Obispo were a different tribe of Indians from those on the coast farther south, but it may be that these Indians came from the interior and were not coast Indians, the coast being some ten or twelve miles distant from the Mission itself. All the early accounts of the Mission indicate the great difficulty which the missionaries had in getting converts among the local Indians.

Rodriguez Cermeño places the bay of Pescadores in 34° . Allowing for his usual error, the bay should have been in about $33\frac{1}{2}$ or $33\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$. This name sometimes is found on the maps, but rarely. When shown it is almost certainly intended to indicate the bay of San Pedro, the one just north of it—Santa Monica—being designated as the bay of Humos or Fuegos. As it is certain that Rodriguez Cermeño had maps with him, it is likely that he did not apply the name Pescadores to the bay but took it from his chart, which probably showed this name where the bay of San Pedro now is, or just possibly, the bay of Santa Monica.

The sailing courses and the distances given in the narrative are so uncertain that it is difficult to follow the exact course which the launch pursued. Speaking generally, it seems that after leaving Drake's Bay and passing close to the Farallones, the expedition followed the coast across the outside of the bay of Monterey and landed somewhere in San Luis Obispo county.

Mr. A. C. Goodchild of San Luis Obispo has been good enough to read over my translation of this voyage, and is positive that Rodriguez Cermeño landed at some place on the bay of San Luis Obispo. He writes me that the small island at the northwest point of the bay,

now known as Whaler's Island, positively identifies it. Just at what point in the bay Rodriguez Cermeño landed is another matter, as the remains of kitchen middens exist in large numbers not only on the bluffs on the north side of the bay but also on the east side. Mr. Goodchild states that in his opinion the Indians living on the bay used the same kind of canoes as the Santa Barbara Indians, but thinks that they also used *balsas*. On the whole, he is inclined to believe that the actual landing place was what is now known as Cave's Landing, in the northern part of the bay.

Passing south by night they passed Point Arguello, and not noticing that the coast turned to the east shortly past the point, they went along southeast, and therefore sighted the islands. From the narrative it seems that they passed along the north side of Santa Rosa and through the channel between that and San Miguel, then back on the south side of Santa Rosa and Santa Cruz, from whence they crossed to the mainland, probably to Point Vicente, and then continued south.

One certainty that can be derived from the narrative is that the bay of San Francisco is what is known as Drake's Bay; and the fact that the accounts contain no mention whatever of finding any article of European manufacture nor any trace of Europeans having previously been there is bound to throw doubt on the currently accepted theory that it was in this bay that Drake refitted his ship. Negative evidence can never be conclusive, and it is always possible, of course, that the objects which probably in great number the Indians had previously obtained from Drake and his party may have been hidden. One of the accounts mentions the fact that the Indians acted as if they had never seen people like them before; and no doubt the Spaniards interpreted this as evidence that no Europeans had ever been in the bay previously, but Indian actions are easily misinterpreted. Generally speaking, the actions of the Indians were very similar to those described in *The World Encompassed*, with the notable exception, of course, that they did not weep nor lacerate themselves nor try to impose the sovereignty of the country on Rodriguez Cermeño, as they did on Drake in the account of Drake's voyage.

From the declarations it appears that Rodriguez Cermeño had some strict instruction not to go inland, like the one Vizcaino afterward had, and it also appears that he had another instruction, similar to the one given to Vizcaino, to make a report on the character of the land they might discover. What the other instructions were that he had it is impossible to say, but it is quite likely that generally speaking they were very much like those given to Vizcaino.

As all Rodriguez Cermeño's distances are measured in leagues, it

is appropriate to ascertain what kind of a league he meant. The Spanish marine league in the sixteenth century was usually the one employed on the sea, and seventeen and one-half of these were calculated to equal one degree of the arc of a great circle. As a degree is approximately equal to sixty-nine English miles, a league therefore would be equivalent to nearly four English miles. It is not certain however that this league was the one used, although probable. Most of the distances measured by his log, or guessed at, seem to be too long when turned into English miles at four to the league, so possibly a shorter league may have been used. As time went on the Spaniards on the sea used a shorter league, but just when the change took place I am unable to say. Even eighteenth century maps still used scales showing seventeen and a half leagues to the degree, so from the lack of precise information I am compelled to assume that this was the one that Rodriguez Cermeño used.

Instead of translating in full the declaration made at the time of arrival at Chacala, which in many respects is exactly the same as the account of Rodriguez Cermeño, it has seemed best to incorporate in footnotes any material variations or additions. The declaration of November 30, however, on the character of the country, is translated in full.

All the documents relating to the expedition itself are found in the Archives in Seville, in 58-3-12, having been sent to Spain by the Viceroy, Monterey, with a letter of the 15th of April, 1596. The two declarations are copies, but the account of Rodriguez Cermeño is the original signed by him as "Sebastian Rodriguez Zermenyo." Another original, which is the same as far as apparent on casual examination, is to be found in another *legajo*. The letters of Velasco referred to are in 58-3-11. The letter of Licenciado Rivero in 58-6-29, that of the *Audiencia* in 58-5-11, the letter from the *Audiencia* of Manila in 67-6-18, and the *Informacion* by Sarmiento in 1-2-1/19.

Although the original account is signed with the name "Zermenyo" and the name appears in the declarations as "Sermeño", I have used the modern Spanish spelling "Cermeño", as that is the one which is always used in current literature.

Miss Alice Eastwood of the California Academy of Sciences has kindly read the narrative and supplied some notes, which will be found in the footnotes and can be distinguished by the E at the end.

HENRY R. WAGNER.

In the Name of God, Amen, the Relation of what happened in the Voyage which I, Captain Sebastian Rodriguez Cermeño made, relating to the Discovery of Cape Mendocino, is as follows:

[Abstract from July 5 to November 4]

We left the port of Cabite in the Philippine Islands on the 5th of July in the morning, and anchored that night at the foot of the Frayle. The next day we made sail with a southwest wind, and in the afternoon it began to blow so hard that it was necessary to take shelter at the Island of Marivelez. The next morning we again set sail with the wind off the land, and before nightfall arrived at the island of Fortun, and by midnight had rounded the reefs of Tuley. The following day we anchored at the island of Mindoro, as the boat was leaking badly. Here we remained until the 14th, when we again made sail with the southeast wind, and before night rounded the islands of Baco. On the 16th we had all these islands behind us. On the 17th we were at the island of Cibuyan, and on the 19th at the island of Ibalon, where we remained until the 27th, when we again made sail. Shortly we got a southwest wind, passed Cape Espiritu Santo, and continued in an east-northeast direction until we were in 17° north latitude. From thence the course was north and then northeast to 22° . From this point we had trouble with the currents and made latitude very slowly, so that we finally fell back to 18° . On the 13th of August we encountered a hurricane from the north and a sea on the beam. A few days later, on the 17th, we saw some islands which are called the Volcanoes of Japan, and we saw smoke from one of them before we saw the island. From these islands we still continued going northeast in a general direction until on the 26th we were in scarce 28° . Till the 30th we were traveling with a west and southwest wind in a northeast direction, when we found ourselves in $30\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$. From the 30th of August to the 6th of September we sailed in different directions, but generally northeast, and on the 6th we were in $34\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$. On the 10th we were in 36° , on the 12th in 37° , on the 26th in $39\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, and on October 2 we were in 40° . Still continuing in a northeasterly direction we got up to 41° , when on the 16th we encountered a northeast wind; but the wind soon shifted to the northwest and we continued with a favorable wind, and on the 22nd we were in full 42° with a smooth sea. Sailing still toward the east, we again encountered an east-northeast wind and a sea on the beam until the 25th, when the wind again turned favorable, and we continued our voyage to the east a quarter northeast until the 29th, when we found ourselves again in full 42° . [End of the abstract.]

Here we encountered cloudy weather, a calm sea and a favorable wind. By night I did not sail as we were near the land and feared running ashore, and kept casting the lead continually until Saturday morning, the 4th of November, when the land and coast of New Spain appeared. The land which appeared was between two capes, about twenty leagues apart.¹ From the western part the coast trends north a quarter northeast.²

It was the hour of the angelus when we came within a league of land, which appeared mountainous and heavily forested with trees which could not be distinguished. Among them were many pine trees growing very thickly near the sea and inland, which were made out as we went coasting along near the shore [to see] where there might possibly be found conveniences and a safe port in which to enter and make the launch with which to prosecute the reconnaissance. Many fires were seen that night on the coast and inland.

Complying in every respect with the orders and instructions³ from His Majesty which I carried for the purpose, running along the coast, at five o'clock and before reaching the land I began to sound and found seventy fathoms, and went on until the lead showed twenty-five fathoms, when we were a league from the land, as stated above.⁴

As it was now night, in order to see by daylight what the coast and the land had to show I ran close-hauled till after midnight, when I returned to get near the land; and running along it I found it very rough and dangerous, as there was a heavy surf breaking on numerous small islands and reefs near the shore, so that it was not possible to approach nearer the land.⁵

Coasting along about half a league from land, a reef⁶ was discovered which might be about a league in the sea, which was Cape Mendocino. [This was so] because from there the coast runs southeast, and in the other direction, from the west [point] it runs north a quarter northeast.⁷ Following along with all sails set so as by daylight to see if a port could be discovered and reached in which to enter, a point of land was discovered with two small islands outside, which

¹ There is only one part of the coast in this neighborhood answering this description, that between Cape St. George and Cape Mendocino.

² Probably by this Cape Mendocino is meant, as this is actually west of Cape St. George.

³ This statement proves that he carried a set of instructions.

⁴ This seems to be a more detailed statement of the preceding paragraph.

⁵ This description of the coast applies to the land just north of Cape Mendocino or to the south of it.

⁶ This probably refers to Blunt's reef off Cape Mendocino. Spanish: *un vajo q̃ podrá tener como una legua de la mar.*

⁷ This description fits the coast at Punta Gorda better than Cape Mendocino.

seemed to make a port as it formed inside a small cove.⁸ While entering this it was seen that within where the ship would have to anchor were some low rocks, large and dangerous. This having been seen, the ship turned back and I went coasting along while day lasted, and at night I ran out to sea.

That night the wind came up strong from the northwest and the sea came on our beam, and from midnight on it blew so strong that it was necessary to strike the foresail.⁹ As the weather was severe we kept getting near the land, and having reached it, a *morro* was discovered, which makes a high land and seemed like the Punta del Brazil of Tercera.¹⁰

Running along a musket-shot from the land, we saw a point which bore northwest, and entering by this we saw that there was a large bay.¹¹ Here I went on casting the lead, with the bow headed north a quarter northeast, with the bottom of the sea of sand and clean, and went on to seven fathoms, where I anchored.¹² The point on the west side bore southwest quarter west, and the one on the east, south-southeast. The bay is very large and shaped like a horseshoe, and a river runs into it, and on the bar at high tide there are three fathoms of water, and from the bar outside to the entrance of the anchorage there is a distance of two shots of an arquebus.

Having anchored in this bay, we saw in the middle of it three small islands which bore south-southwest,¹³ and to the south a small island of half a league in size. The islands trended northwest-southeast. The land is bare. The river above referred to enters into the land three leagues and has a narrow mouth,¹⁴ while above in some parts it is a league in width, and in others a half a league. On the west side it has two branches of half a league each, and on the east side one, the entrance of which is a matter of a quarter of a league from the bar. Entering by this one, you will find fresh water on the right side, which comes from another river with a plentiful supply of water, and where this falls in there are Indians settled. They are well set up and

⁸ Possibly Shelter Cove.

⁹ *Declaration*: On this morning [that is, the 6th], the pilot, master and boat-swain of the ship made a demand on the captain before Alonso Gomez, the *escribano*, insisting that the ship continue on straight to Acapulco as it was impossible to make a reconnaissance of the coast on account of the ship's being in such bad condition. The captain, however refused.

¹⁰ That is, the island of Tercera, one of the Azores. The *morro* was Point Reyes.

¹¹ Drake's Bay.

¹² *Declaration*: They anchored in five fathoms, a quarter of a league from land, at four o'clock in the afternoon.

¹³ The Farallones.

¹⁴ The Drake estero.

robust, with long hair, and go entirely naked, only the women wearing skirts of grass or deerskins. Any place where there are sandbanks near the sea you can find drinking water by digging down a little distance.

Having anchored in this bay on the 6th, shortly an Indian, one of those living on the beach, came out in a small boat made of grass which looks like the bullrushes of the lake of Mexico. The Indian was seated in the middle of this, and he had in his hand an oar with two blades with which he rowed with great swiftness. He came alongside the ship, where he remained a good while, talking in his language without anyone understanding what he was saying. Being addressed with kind words, he came closer to the ship, and there we gave him things such as pieces of silk and cotton¹⁵ and other trifles which the ship carried, and with which he returned to shore very contented. The next day, the 7th, four other Indians came out to the ship in the same kind of boats. They came aboard and did the same as the first one.

In order to see the character of the land and put in hand what was contemplated, namely, the building of a launch to prosecute the discovery, I sent in the ship's boat twenty-two men, seventeen of them armed with arquebuses and three with shields, and the ensign and the sergeant. I went ashore with it and landed on the beach, where I found near by many Indians—men, women and children—who had their dwellings there. These were pits made in the sand and covered with grass, in the manner of the Chichimecos Indians.¹⁶ They had bows and arrows, and we could find no other kind¹⁷ of iron with which to cut a weapon or anything else. The people were painted in certain parts, although the paint is not so thick as with the Chichimecos.¹⁸

The land seems fertile as far as three leagues inland, according to what I saw and what the other Spaniards saw whom I took with me to seek food, of which there was need on account of the loss of the ship. The soil will return any kind of seed that may be sown, as there are trees which bear hazelnuts, acorns and other fruits of the country, madrones and fragrant herbs like those in Castile. There

¹⁵ Spanish: *manta*, a word universally in common use in the Spanish Indies to represent common cotton sheeting.

¹⁶ A general term applied by the Spaniards to all roving Indians north of the settled regions of Mexico.

¹⁷ The use of the words "no other" would seem to indicate that the bows and arrows had iron about them, but this is extremely unlikely, and probably the words have no other meaning than the words "not any." In this connection it is to be observed that no mention is made in any place in the narrative of finding in the possession of the Indians any object of European manufacture.

¹⁸ *Declaration*: The Indians wore their hair long and had no beard, pulling out the hair if any grew, their breasts and parts of their arms being painted.

is also near where I went to seek food a branch of a river which runs into the sea, and near the camp are other arroyos of fresh water about two musket-shots from the sea. There are also in the country a quantity of crabs and wild birds and deer, with which the people maintain their existence.¹⁹ And this is as put down in the declaration,²⁰ and I have knowledge of it as a person who twice went inland to seek food, as we had none.

On Friday morning the 8th of December, we left the bay and port of San Francisco—or as its other name is, Bahia Grande²¹—where we were shipwrecked. This bay is in $38\frac{2}{3}^{\circ}$,²² and the islands which are in the mouth [of the bay] are in $38\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$,²³ and from one point of the bay to the other there may be a distance of twenty-five leagues.²⁴ ²⁵

¹⁹ *Declaration*: On the 7th, the day the Captain landed, he took possession of the land and port, which he named the bay of San Francisco. Fray Francisco de la Concepcion of the Order of Barefoot Franciscans baptized it. After this procedure, with the men in marching order, they went to a rancheria about an arquebus-shot from the beach, where there were about fifty adult Indians, looking on with much wonderment in seeing people never before seen by them. All were very peaceable, and their arms, which up to that time they were not known to have had, were in their houses. They took out a seed the size of an *anise seed* only a little thinner, and which had the same taste as sesame, of which they made bread. The Spaniards saw deer walking about, the largest ever found, as could be seen by the antlers, of which the Captain carried away a sample. The same day the Captain with his men, going inland about half a league, came upon a band of Indians in a warlike attitude, who, as soon as they saw the Spaniards, began prancing around and dancing a war-dance [Spanish—*escaramusa*], and giving loud howls. Soon one of them who carried a tall banner of black feathers began to advance to where the Spaniards were, and having looked them over, stopped to examine the men. But two Indians of those on the beach with whom the Spaniards had made friends and who were along, spoke to them, and soon they all lowered their arms and put them on the ground and came towards the Spaniards. The one who carried the banner brought it and delivered it to the Captain, and then all came up in an humble manner as if terrorized; but the Spaniards pacified them and reassured them, giving them taffeta sashes. The Indians then took their bows and arrows and gave them to the Spaniards. They all had their faces painted in black and red. On returning to the beach the Spaniards made a trench for defence, and while there the Indians near by kept coming to see them and the Spaniards gave them some trifles.

Declaration: On the 15th of November, the Captain with eight Spaniards went up an arm of the river, which is one of three which run into the bay. One of these which enters about three leagues was large, had a narrow mouth, and near the entrance there was a rancheria of Indians, a little farther on another one near the water with a few people, and quite a bit farther on still another on a hill. It did not appear that they had any arms.

²⁰ The declaration which he refers to is the one heretofore printed, entitled "Information on the character of the land which was seen in the port which was reached."

²¹ It seems likely that the name "Bahia Grande" was one that had been previously applied to this bay, but this is a little uncertain, and it may only be an alternative applied by Rodriguez Cermeño himself.

²² Drake's Bay— 38° .

²³ Southeast Farallon— $37^{\circ} 45'$.

²⁴ His distances seem to be considerably too large, allowing four miles to the league, but it seems likely that the points he refers to here are Point Reyes and Pigeon Point.

²⁵ *Declaration* adds here that the launch was named the *San Buenaventura*.

I passed near the islands and about a league more or less from the land; and this day I sailed about ten leagues and lay to during the following night. On the following day, which was the 9th, I coasted along the coast until sundown, when I anchored so as not to pass behind the point by night. Up to this point the coast runs northwest and southeast. I did not take the sun during the day because it did not appear; it was cloudy and there was much wind. During the day I traveled twenty-two leagues without discovering during the whole journey anything worthy of mention. Sailing close to the land and at times within a musket-shot of it, one could see it plainly, and that it was bare, like rough broken country, although above on the mountains there were some pine and oak trees. The land seemed to be unpopulated, as no people were seen on it in the day time, and at night there was no smoke nor fire.

Sunday morning I commenced to sail, and discovered a very large bay, which I named the bay of San Pedro.²⁶ It measures from point to point across the mouth a distance of fifteen leagues travel; and taking the sun in it I found that it was in the latitude of 37°. Sailing seven or eight leagues toward the south, I anchored behind a point²⁷ so as not to travel at night.

Monday, the 11th of December, we made sail early and traveled that day about twenty leagues; and all the coast runs northwest-southeast. It is rough and with ravines, and the hills, although very high, are bare, without trees. All the coast runs straight without any point, or place of shelter where one could enter to anchor. At the end of these twenty leagues of coast were discovered four or five small islands²⁸ without any low or submerged rocks. Running along in this direction, namely southeast, I came to a point,²⁹ where I discovered a large bay,³⁰ which has at the northwest point a small island; and running along in the bay near the land to see if there was anything to be seen, there were observed on the shore of the sea many people on top of some bluffs,³¹ where they had made their settlements. As it was late, I anchored in front of these settlements, and I saw how the

²⁶ This could be nothing else but Monterey Bay, and the distance he measured across it was probably measured from Point Año Nuevo to Point Cypress. The middle of the bay is in about 36° 50'. The *Declaration* does not say that the bay was in 37° but that they took the sun at midday on the 10th in 37°.

²⁷ This point may be Point Sur.

²⁸ Most probably the islands off Point Piedras Blancas.

²⁹ *Declaration* gives a somewhat different and more confused account of the journey on the 11th and 12th.

³⁰ Probably San Luis Obispo Bay.

³¹ Spanish—*barrancas*, which strictly speaking means deep clefts in the earth with steeply inclined sides, a meaning entirely inappropriate here.

Indians had on shore many *balsas*³² made of tule, which are like reeds, or as otherwise called, tule. The *balsas* were made like canoes, and with these they go fishing. Calling to some of them from the launch, we gave them to understand that we were Christians, and one of the Indians responded with shouts, giving us to understand that they understood, saying, "Christians, Christians." And shortly he came down from the bluff, and taking a *balsa*, got into it and came on board the launch, where we made much of him and gave him some pieces of cotton cloth and taffeta. Soon others came in the same kind of boats, and we gave them to understand by signs that they should bring us something to eat, as we had no food. Understanding our necessity, which we made clear to them, they went ashore and brought some bitter acorns and mush³³ made of these acorns, in some dishes³⁴ made of straw like large chocolate bowls;³⁵ and during some talk which we had with them they said "Mexico, Mexico."³⁶ They are people well set up, of medium height, of a brown color, and like the rest go naked, not only men but women, although the women wear some skirts made of grass and of bird-feathers. They use the bow and arrow, and their food consists of bitter acorns and fish. They seemed to be about three hundred in number, counting men, women and children, some of them with long beards and with the hair cut round, and some were painted with stripes on the face and arms. The land seemed to be good, as it was covered with trees and verdure.³⁷ The people seemed to be somewhat covetous, as on being given pieces of taffeta and cotton cloth they asked for more.

³² *Balsas* are a kind of raft still in use on the west coast of Mexico and South America, but now made of boards.

³³ Spanish—*atole*.

³⁴ *Declaration* calls these *sestos*, that is, *cestos*—hand-baskets.

³⁵ Spanish—*jicaras*.

³⁶ Just what inference can be drawn from the use of the word "Mexico" by these Indians is a problem. It may have meant nothing: that is, they may have used some word which was misunderstood by the Spaniards for Mexico, or it might indicate that some previous ship had been there or near there with Spaniards on board from Mexico. We have no knowledge of any Spaniards having stopped on this coast except Unamuno's party in 1587. So far I have not been able to identify the place where Unamuno landed, and although in many respects the description which he gives is applicable to the general characteristics of San Luis Obispo Bay yet as he speaks about pine forests and there are none at this bay, it is difficult to believe that he landed there. There are some indications that some other exploring party had passed along this coast and perhaps stopped at various places in previous years, the account of which is not now extant. It is hardly possible that this could be an echo of the visit of Rodriguez Cabrillo to the Santa Barbara Channel Indians in 1542.

³⁷ It seems probable that it was San Luis Obispo Bay in which Rodriguez Cermeño landed, and that it was somewhere in the northern part of the bay where the bluffs come down to the ocean and where burial grounds and large remains of kitchen middens are found.

Wednesday morning, the 13th, we made sail from this bay, and I got away with much labor caused by the lack of food and the sick and downcast condition of all the seamen and passengers. Our sustenance was nothing except bitter acorns, and all insisted that to save their lives I should not stop but keep on going with the launch until I arrived at some land where food might be obtained. Nevertheless, I kept up their hopes the best I could. Our necessity reached such an extreme that a dog which was aboard the launch was killed, and he was cooked and divided among all, down to the broth and the skin.

On this day I went across another large bay,³⁸ of which the point on the southeast side bore to the south; and during the first watch of the night I passed it,³⁹ and shortly the coast commenced running northwest and southeast. When morning, the 14th, came, we discovered two islands⁴⁰ with two or three small ones near them; and the wind coming from the east, I went coasting along the one on the outside to the south-southeast.⁴¹ The island runs from the northeast to the south-southwest, and on the outside point there is a small island⁴² which runs northwest-southeast, a league away from the point. There is a passage between them, which in a short distance opens out to a league and a half.⁴³ I anchored on the southeast side of the outside island,⁴⁴ and there came alongside a small boat like a canoe, with two Indians in it rowing. And having arrived at the launch, they brought some eighteen fish and a seal and gave them to us, for which we gave them some pieces of taffeta and cotton cloth in order that they should bring more. They went on shore and returned in the same boat with three Indians and brought nothing. At this island we went fishing with lines and caught some thirty fish like *cabrillas*,⁴⁵ which we soon ate on account of our great hunger. I took the sun at midday at this island, and the outside island is in $34^{\circ}12'$.⁴⁶ Soon on the same day I made

³⁸ I take this to be the bay of San Luis Obispo, as it is the only bay which could be called a large bay on this part of the coast, and furthermore the statement that the point on the southeast side of the bay bore to the south is correct for this bay and for no other that I know of anywhere on this part of the coast, or farther south.

³⁹ Probably Point Arguello.

⁴⁰ Santa Rosa and Santa Cruz.

⁴¹ This must be an error. *Declaration* says they went coasting the outside one towards the southwest, which is the proper direction coming from the east, as Rodriguez Cermeño states he was doing on account of having an east wind.

⁴² San Miguel.

⁴³ The original Spanish at this point is somewhat obscure. I take this to be the meaning.

⁴⁴ Santa Rosa Island.

⁴⁵ *Cabrillas*, a species of sea bass common on the southern California coast. E.

⁴⁶ The southeast point of Santa Rosa Island is in $33^{\circ}54'$.

sail and traveled to the other island,⁴⁷ arriving there at 10 o'clock at night. On both the land is bare and sterile, although inhabited by Indians; there are no ports nor coves in them in which to take shelter. The first island might be three or four leagues in length and one or two in width. The second measures six, seven or eight leagues in length and two in width. Near the end of the easternmost island⁴⁸ I came to a point of the mainland⁴⁹ at which commences a large bay, called Pescadores, and went running toward the south-southeast to the point. The coast runs to the southeast quarter south. The bay itself is in the latitude of 34°. On this night there appeared on shore many fires in Indian settlements. All of them are fishermen, and fish is the principal food of the natives who inhabit this country; and all the land is bare and wild and of a broken character like the first. The coast along which I came is clear without reefs or *atrechos*. It has some small islands near the land, and the shore is rough with little shelter. The Indians are of the same build and character as those previously referred to, and the boats which they use are of boards like the *barutillos* of the Philippines.⁵⁰ This bay measures from point to point across the mouth, thirteen to fifteen leagues. As it was a moonlight night and I found no port in which to anchor, I went running along the coast near the land until the morning.

On Saturday the 16th, finding nothing worthy of note and the coast being flat with some coves, I went sailing all day and the following night until Sunday, the 17th,⁵¹ when traveling with a favorable wind, we discovered an island which is the one called San Augustin.⁵² Here the wind turned southeast and contrary to the route we were traveling, and caused us to anchor at this island, which runs northwest-southeast and is eight or nine leagues in length and four in width. While at anchor we saw a rancheria near the sea. A boat came out with two Indians and came alongside the launch, and shortly some men

⁴⁷ Santa Cruz Island. *Declaration* says that the islands were about two leagues apart.

⁴⁸ *Declaration* states that after leaving this island they found a large cove and went sailing south-southeast towards the point, and that from the last island to this point across the bay was a matter of sixteen leagues.

⁴⁹ Probably Vicente Point, Pescadores Bay being on this supposition the bay of San Pedro, and the bay which they had crossed, Santa Monica Bay. Point Vicente is in 33° 45'.

⁵⁰ *Declaration* places these Indians on the islands, and it is not probable that they saw the shores of Santa Monica Bay nor any Indians there from which this description could have been derived.

⁵¹ *Declaration* is a little ambiguous on this point, but it seems to convey the idea that the San Augustin Island was discovered on the 16th.

⁵² The island later known as the island of Cenizas, and now as San Martin, in 30° 29'. This island is not nearly so large as described by Rodriguez Cermeño. The *Declaration* says that it was about twelve leagues in circumference.

got into it with those who had come out in it, and went ashore to see if there was anything to eat, or water, which we did not have. On account of the high sea we could not get it [water], and the men who went on shore brought some cakes made of a root like the sweet potato,⁵³ very yellow, which the Indians cook under the sand. On account of our hunger we ate these, and they made us very sick. While at anchor at the south end of this island the wind came up from the south, and we went to take shelter on the north part and anchored there. We went on shore and found many wild onions and prickly pears, and God was pleased that we should find between some rocks a dead fish with two mortal wounds.⁵⁴ It was so large that with it we, seventy persons in number, sustained ourselves more than eight days; without it we should have perished of hunger, in such great distress did we find ourselves. Not having any water nor knowing where to find it, it seemed that God was pleased to give us that night, while at anchor, so much wind that the anchor dragged and we were driven more than four leagues down the coast until the break of day, when, raising the anchor, we entered into a small cove like a port, which is on the island itself and is a good shelter for small ships. Going on shore, we discovered an arroyo of very good water, which falls from the hills of the island, at which we watered. We were there two days until the wind died down, and then we returned to take up our journey and came to the place where we had found the fish previously referred to, to take the thirty people who had remained there on shore cooking it and keeping guard over it. The island consists of rugged hills, rocky and barren and of the color of ashes. The point of the island on the northwest part is in the latitude of $31\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$,⁵⁵ and the arroyo where we took water is in the middle of the island on the north side. Here you can take all the water which you desire. All around the island the water is very deep, so deep in fact that without any fear you can come near shore. No bottom can be found at any distance whatever from the shore. Friday the 22, having taken water and the fish which God was pleased to send us and the people who were on the island, we left with a northwest wind astern and went running along the coast in search of the island of Cedros. Because we were in great necessity and the people were sick and some of them on the point of death, I

⁵³ "So far as I know there is only one root on those islands which this description fits and that is the root of the wild cucumber or big root, a species of which is common on the California coast islands. Dr. Behr once told me that the root was said to be poisonous but I have not been able to obtain any definite information on the subject." E.

⁵⁴ Probably a tuna. E.

⁵⁵ Actually $30^{\circ} 29'$.

did not stop to make a reconnaissance of this coast and of the ports and bays which it has, and also because the land is known and is well-traveled by those who follow this course. So I went along, shortening the journey, straight to the island of Cedros, which runs northwest and southeast, taking the quarter on the south.⁵⁶ The land is high with some trees, although very few, on the top, and below on the coast the land is rugged. The coast is clean, and on the north side there is an arroyo of fresh water in which water can be taken, and on the west side there are three small islands between which one can pass. On the east side there are two others, and through this channel pass the ships which enter the bay Engañosa,⁵⁷ and the passage is between these small islands and the point of the mainland. From there I went running along the coast without stopping in any manner worth mentioning, on account of our needs above referred to, to the point of California;⁵⁸ and passing this, I came to land with the launch and disembarked the people in the port at Chacala,⁵⁹ which is the one they call the port of Campostela, where we ended all this voyage of discovery.

Done in Mexico on the 24th of April, 1596. And in order that there shall be a record I have signed this with my name,

SEBASTIAN RODRIGUEZ ZERMENYO.

INFORMATION ON THE CHARACTER OF THE LAND WHICH WAS SEEN IN THE PORT WHICH WAS REACHED

In the port and bay of the new discovery of Cape Mendocino in the camp of Santa Fe, the 30th of November, 1595, before me, Pedro de Lugo, *escribano* of the King our master, Captain Sebastian Rodriguez Sermeño, chief pilot of the said discovery, Said that by reason of having lost, while at anchor in the port, the ship *Sant Agustin* which he brought and which Captain Pedro Sarmiento had offered to the King in Manila, without being able to save any of the supplies and

⁵⁶ Spanish—*tornando la quarta del sur*, which I take to mean that he passed on the outside of the island, which trended from the northwest to the southeast.

⁵⁷ Engañosa. This name does not appear on the maps which I have seen, but no doubt he had one which showed this name, peculiarly appropriate considering the difficulties which Ulloa had in trying to cross it in 1540.

⁵⁸ Punta de California, a name which still persisted although some time previously it had been renamed Cape San Lucas.

⁵⁹ The port of Chacala is north of Cape Corrientes. In Viceroy Velasco's letter he speaks about their being at Navidad, which is a port south of Cape Corrientes, but from this account it seems that he was mistaken unless the party went overland from Chacala to Navidad. The *Declaration* states that they landed a league from the port of Chacala, near a ranch from which help was brought consisting of corn and jerked beef.

other property which was on board, as is recorded in the declaration made; because there were nearly eighty persons to feed and there was no food to give them nor to supply the launch which was being finished in which to continue their journey; and because there was news that near this camp there was food with which to remedy the situation, having taken the opinion of those in the camp who should be consulted for the good of all and the service of the King, it was agreed to go and hunt for these supplies. It was agreed to leave in the camp during their absence, Captain Francisco de Chaves, a person in whom confidence could be placed, as lieutenant to give the orders about finishing the work to be done on the launch and whatever else was necessary, together with twenty-three Spaniards, who with their arms should remain to guard the launch and the camp and obey his orders as if he were the Captain himself. He took with him to hunt for and carry the supplies, Don Garcia de Paredes and the pilot, Juan de Morgana, who offered to go with him, and Juan del Rio, his ensign, Juan Gutierrez, sergeant, Francisco Rolon, squadron-corporal, Francisco de Bolaños, Juan Bautista, Francisco de Cea, Sebastian Perez, Gonzalo Hernandez, Pedro de Chaves, and four slaves of the Captain whom he offered to take along for the service (leaving behind the other three who were sick), and seven Indian ship boys belonging to the ship, all best-equipped with arms for their defense. And so the said Captain Sebastian Rodriguez left the camp with those above referred to, with the said design agreed upon for the good of all those of the camp. And so Captain Sebastian Rodriguez Sermeño arranged this and signed it before me, Pedro de Lugo, *escribano* of the King.

On the 2nd of December, 1595, two days afterwards, Captain Sebastian Rodriguez having returned from his search for food for those in the camp, and having found near it, on the day he set out, a place from which could be brought a quantity of acorns and other things to supply the necessities which at present all the people lack, as they have nothing to eat, he found a rancheria of one hundred and fifty Indians who announced themselves as friends and peaceable. There where they live are a number of trees which bear acorns and other food and fruits fit to eat. He decided to send out to bring in this food, and for that purpose he named to go and bring it, Juan del Rio, who should take with him fifteen Spaniards with their arms, besides the Indians and negroes they took with them to bring in all the food they could carry.

So this was ordered and Sebastian Rodriguez Sermeño signed his name, and it being agreed the said Captain himself should go, he went

personally, of which I certify to. Sebastian Rodriguez Sermeño, before me, Pedro de Lugo, *escribano* of the King.

DECLARATION ON THE VERIFICATION OF THE CHARACTER OF THE COUNTRY

In the port and bay of the new discovery to which was given the name of San Francisco, on the 6th of December, 1595, Captain Sebastian Rodriguez Sermeño, chief pilot of the voyage of discovery, Said that by reason of having gone twice inland a matter of four leagues, a little more or less, to hunt out and bring in food for the support of the people he had under his charge who were without it because of the loss of the ship *Sant Agustín*, from which they could not get it out, he discovered three separate rancherias of Indians—men, women and children—who were in their houses, which are a kind of low cave on the bank of a branch of a fresh water river⁶⁰ where there are a number of trees, not only with acorns but of other fruits, *vedona*⁶¹ the shape of a hazel tree, hazel nuts like the Castilian, and other trees which bear fruit, thistles,⁶² and fragrant herbs⁶³ like those in Spain. The land is good and fit to grow any kind of crop which may be sowed in it, on account of the quality of the soil, which without artificial aid produces what has been noted. As it is advisable that those who accompanied him and saw it should make a statement for a record, and that the quality of the country seen and discovered should appear in the *informacion* given about it, Sebastian Rodriguez Sermeño so ordered and signed his name before me, Pedro de Lugo, *escribano* of the King.

In the port and bay of San Francisco of the new discovery of the coast of New Spain on the 8th of December, 1595, before me, Pedro de Lugo, *escribano* of the King our master, Captain Sebastian Rodriguez Sermeño, chief pilot of the said discovery, to draw up the information contained in the previous *auto* caused to appear before me his ensign Juan del Rio, who having been sworn and on the sign of the cross in

⁶⁰ It is not clear from this statement whether these rancherias were the ones referred to in the principal narrative as being at the mouth of the stream which ran into the right hand branch of the Drake Estero, where remains of such rancherias actually exist today, or whether they were on some stream running into the Limantour Estero. Remains of Indian rancherias are found also as described in the narrative, on the left hand side of the Drake Estero just inside the mouth, and also farther on on the same side.

⁶¹ *Vedona*. I cannot find this word in any dictionary. [This is undoubtedly the California laurel or bay. The seed when the pulp is removed looks like a hazelnut. E.]

⁶² Spanish—*cardos*, which is the general Spanish term for thistle. [The *Cirsium edule*, a species of thistle which grows near the coast. Probably the stems and leaves were cooked as greens, or possibly the seeds were eaten. E.]

⁶³ Probably the yerba buena (*Micromeria douglasii*) and the wild pennyroyal (*Monardella villosa*), both of which are common in the region. E.

due form having promised to tell the truth, and being asked according to the tenor of the *auto*, Said that this witness went with Captain Sebastian Rodriguez inland the first time with twelve other Spaniards and some Indians with their arms, to discover where there was food to sustain the people who were left by the loss of the *Sant Agustin*, as all the supplies in it were lost, not a thing being saved; and having gone inland a matter of three or four leagues they found in a little valley acorn trees, of a bitter kind, in quantity, and from there they saw some smoke among some trees, and went toward it by agreement of all and found a number of settled Indians—men, women and children—some of whom had bows and arrows; and while they were there there came twenty more Indians who lived on the beach near where the launch was being made at the camp. These had gone away because they had been deprived of some wood they had taken which had come from the wreck of the ship, and they defended themselves with their bows and arrows against the Captain and Don Garcia de Paredes and the pilot, Juan de Morgana, who had gone to take the wood away from them and were running to the aid of our side. The Indians shot arrows at the Spaniards, and one of them planted an arrow in the breast of a Spaniard and wounded him, and they fled. There was taken from them the food they had,—about a sack and a half of dry bitter acorns—and if it had not been for these, all the people would have suffered and died. These twenty Indians were those who led all the Spaniards to their rancheria near there,⁶⁴ where they gave them of the food they had, which was acorns and a fruit the shape of a hazel[nut] and other things to sustain them. These rancherias are on the banks of a lagoon of fresh water. This witness went looking over the character and quality of the soil and saw on the bank of the lagoon and on the side of the little valleys many trees with acorns and other kinds of food with which the natives sustain themselves, and hazel nut trees, and many herbs such as thistles, and fragrant herbs like those in Castile; and he saw that there was a great number of partridges and a great quantity of deer horns,⁶⁵ one of which, measured before this witness, showed sixteen palms from point to point. The land seems to this witness to be fit to sow and reap any kind of seed, as it appears to be of a good character like the land in Castile. All returning to the camp,⁶⁶ about a league before arriving the captain discovered an arroyo

⁶⁴ This statement is not very clear. Previously it is stated that these Indians lived on the beach, but possibly that was only a fishing station, while the one here referred to was a permanent settlement.

⁶⁵ No doubt the horns of the Roosevelt elk.

⁶⁶ Spanish—*a lucas*. This is undoubtedly an error either in the original or in the transcription. It probably should read, *al real*, that is, *to the camp*, as translated.

of very good fresh water, which is on the shore of the sea, and this witness drank of it and it was good. This is the truth, and what he knows under the oath which he took and which he affirmed and ratified, and he declared that he was forty-six years of age, a little more or less, and did not sign his name as he did not know how. Before me, Pedro de Lugo, *escribano* of the King.

[Then follow and are omitted as identical to the preceding, the declarations of Sergeant Juan Gutierrez, lieutenant of Sebastian Rodriguez Sermeño, Domingo Francisco, mariner, and the pilot Juan de Morgana.]

della con el viento noroeste y en popa y venimos corriendo
 la costa en busca de la ysla de cedros y por traer muchas ne-
 cesidades y la gente enferma y dellos a punto de morir no
 cure de reparar en el conocimiento de parte de la costa
 y de los puertos y en senos y tienen lo vno por ser tierra
 conocida y lo otro por estar tan curiosa de lo y si guen esta
 Navegacion y asi vine abreviando el camino dexando a
 la ysla de cedros la qual se corre de mouelle y suelte tomando
 la punta del sur y tierra alta con algunos arboles aunq
 pocos por lo alto y por lo bajo por la costa estierza sera a
 manera de maiz. La costa es limpia y de la parte del norte
 ay vn arroyo de agua dulce en el qual se puede bazer aguas
 y de la parte del sur tiene tres y los tres y se puede pasar
 por entre ellos y de la parte del sur tiene otros dos. y esta
 es la canal por donde pasan los navios y se ballan metidos
 en la enredada en pañosa y el pasaje es por entre los
 Lotes y la punta delaticua firme y de de alli fui corrien-
 do la costa sin reparar en cosa de momento Repere de
 la necesidad Repensada balla la punta de la California
 y trauesando la fui adan con la lancha y alee embarcar
 la gente en el puerto de la California y di sen de compoleta asom-
 di mo y fondo a todo el bodea cubrimiento fe baxime de r-
 a 24 de buei de r 6. y Paraque dello conto di la
 firmasa de minombre.

Sebastián Sermeño
 escribano

[Facsimile of the last page of Cermeño's narrative with his signature.]

JEDEDIAH SMITH'S ROUTE ACROSS THE SIERRA IN 1827

(A REPLY TO F. N. FLETCHER)

In the January number of the Quarterly of the California Historical Society¹ Mr. F. N. Fletcher criticizes my conclusions² as to the route followed by Jedediah S. Smith in crossing the Sierra in the spring of 1827, on his way from the Interior Valley of California to Great Salt Lake.

Location of the Wim-mel-che

The most important point of his argument relates to the identification of the home of the *Wim-mel'-che* tribe of Indians. Mr. Fletcher says: "Dr. Merriam claims that the Wim-mul-che [*Wim-mel-che*] Indians lived only on Kings River. Possibly further investigation may disclose that they sometimes roamed as far as the Stanislaus." Smith did not say anything about the "*roaming*" of Indians, but did say that he named the river "after a tribe of Indians of that name *who reside on it.*" Had Mr. Fletcher been at all conversant with the facts of distribution of California tribes he could not possibly have suggested such an impossible thing. Any ethnologist could have told him that each of the numerous tribes of California Indians possessed a definite tract of country, the boundaries of which were as fixed as those of the states of the Union and vastly more permanent than those of our counties. The members of one tribe did not roam at will over the lands of other tribes, but spent their lives within their own domain.

The *Wim-mel'-che* tribe lived on Kings River in the foothills adjoining the country of the Wachakut. Both belong to the Yokut stock. In order to have "roamed" north to the Stanislaus they would have been obliged to pass through the possessions of a number of tribes speaking different dialects and to have pressed well into the territory of tribes belonging to a wholly different linguistic stock (the *Mewan*).

The fact that the *Wim-mel'-che* were a Kings River tribe is too well authenticated to admit of question. They were discovered by at least three of the early Spanish expeditions a hundred years or more ago, as recorded in old Spanish manuscripts in the Bancroft Library which, through the courtesy of Dr. H. E. Bolton and Dr. H. I. Priestly, my assistant Miss Stella Clemence has been permitted to translate. One of these, the diary of José Dolores Pico, states that in the course of an expedition sent out in November, 1815, he visited, on or close to Kings River, two rancherias of the people called "*Gumilchis*"—obviously a Spanish spelling for *Wemelche*. Another, the diary of an expedition to the Tulares in the fall of 1819, by Lieut. Don José M.

¹ Vol. 2, No. 4, pp. 344-349, Jan., 1924.

² Sierra Club Bull., Vol. XI, No. 4, pp. 375-379, 1923.

Estudillo, Commander of the Royal Presidio of Monterey, records the interesting fact that at the rancheria of the *Notonto* on lower Kings River there were gathered, in compliance with his orders, the chiefs of a number of tribes and villages, among whom was "Coytisa, chief of the *Gumilchi*." The third diary is that of the aforementioned José Dolores Pico, concerning an expedition to the Tulares and Kings River in the winter of 1825-1826. Pico tells that in January, 1826, he traveled up Kings River toward the Sierra Nevada to the rancheria of the "*Guimilches*"—which he mentions four times.

Only a year later came Jedediah Smith who, not knowing that the Spaniards had already named the river "*Rio de los Reyes*," christened it "*Wimmelche*," "after a tribe of Indians who reside on it of that name." His account was the earliest to appear in print, having been published in the *Missouri Republican* of October 11, 1827—nearly a century ago.

In 1851 the three Commissioners (McKee, Barbour, and Wozen-craft) sent to California by our Government for the purpose of making treaties with the Indians, enumerated this tribe under several spellings (We-mal-ches, We-mil-ches, We-mol-ches, Ne-mil-ches) as signing treaties at Camp Bent on Kings River May 13, 1851, and on the San Joaquin River April 29, 1851.³

On July 12, 1853, the tribe was visited at its home on Kings River by Lieut. N. H. McLean,⁴ and the same year was mentioned by Major Wessells,⁵ and by M. B. Lewis,⁶ as a tribe on Kings River. Bancroft gave "*Wemelches*" as a tribe near Kings River Farm in 1856, and later Galen Clark spoke of the "*We-mel-chees*" as a tribe from Kings River placed on Fresno and Kings River Reservations in 1851.

In addition to the numerous published records, I was personally told more than twenty years ago by a *Yow'-el-man'-ne* Indian on Tule River that the "*Wim-mal'-ches*" lived on Kings River in the lower foothills, just above the *Wachakut*—a statement confirmed by members of other tribes.

In view of the foregoing records by reliable men who at intervals during a period of more than a hundred years came in personal contact with the *Wimmelche* Indians, it is hoped that no one will ever again attempt to locate them elsewhere than on their own ground on the river named by the Spaniards "*Rio de los Reyes*," by Smith "*the Wim-melche* and by the Americans "*Kings River*."

³ References may be consulted in the Senate Document known as the *Eighteen California Treaties* of 1851-1852 (pp. 3, 4, 10, 12, 47, 52); and also in several reports of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

⁴ Name spelled *Wee-mil-chees*, War Department Files, 1853.

⁵ Spelled *Wee-mil-che*, House Doc. 76, 34th Congress, 3d Session, p. 31, 1857.

⁶ Spelled *We-melches*, Rept. Commr. Indian Affairs for 1857, p. 687, 1857.

Smith's base camp in May, 1827

The next point requiring attention is Mr. Fletcher's attempt to cast doubt on the evidence that Smith's base camp from which he set out to cross the Sierra on May 20, 1827, was at Folsom on American River—repeating Dale's error of placing him on the Stanislaus. In my account of the crossing⁷ I referred to a letter in the "San Francisco Times" of June 14, 1867, written by an associate of Smith and quoted by Bancroft, for the purpose of correcting errors in regard to Smith's movements. This letter states that Smith left his party *on American Fork*⁸ and with two men returned to the rendezvous [north of Salt Lake]. I referred also to the statement of J. M. Gwinn that Smith, before returning to Salt Lake, had established camp near the place now known as Folsom, and to the corroboration of this location by J. J. Warner in his "Reminiscences of Early California." To these should be added the equally positive statement of T. F. Cronise, who says: "The party trapped for beaver and other animals from the Tulare to the American Fork of the Sacramento, where there was already a camp of American trappers. Smith established his camp near the present site of Folsom, about 22 miles northeast from the other party."⁹

Concerning the reliability of his information, Cronise says he had been at considerable trouble to unravel the various accounts of Smith's travels and had gathered his particulars "from those who knew Smith personally and shared his perils, and from documents in the State archives."¹⁰

Smith, after the failure of his first attempt to cross the Sierra, writes: "I was compelled therefore *to return to the valley which I had left*. And then leaving my party I started with two men." Mr. Fletcher [who unites Smith's two sentences, thereby making the connection even closer than in the original] apparently interprets Smith's painfully meager account as referring to a valley on the Wimmelche where he had left his party and from which he set out again on his successful crossing. My interpretation is quite different, for it seems clear that his reference was to the great *San Joaquin Valley* which he was following northward, and, as already shown, that his final successful attempt was not made till after he had established camp on American River.

The letter to Father Duran

Mr. Fletcher lays special stress on Smith's letter to Padre Duran,

⁷ Sierra Club Bull., Vol. XI, No. 4, p. 379, 1923.

⁸ J. J. Warner in his *Reminiscences of Early California* says American River was named in 1826. [1827] by a party of hunters under Jedediah S. Smith, but this has been questioned.

⁹ Cronise, *Natural Wealth of California*, p. 42, 1868.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*

dated May 19, 1827, which he cites as proof that at that date Smith was camped on the Wimmelche (which he erroneously assumes to be the Stanislaus) while I maintain that this camp was at Folsom on American River, about sixty-five miles farther north. Fletcher's argument is based on the assumption that Smith made only *two attempts* to cross the Sierra, and that these were only ten or fifteen days apart, and consequently when he said he "returned to this place" he must have referred to his [much earlier] camp on the Wimmelche. But what Smith actually said is this: "I have made *several* efforts to pass the mountains, but the snows being so deep I could not succeed in getting over. I returned to this place to remain until such time as I can cross the mountains with my horses—having lost *a great many* in attempting to cross ten or fifteen days since."¹¹

It will be remembered that on his first attempt, which was made from the Wimmelche (Kings River) *five* of his horses starved to death, while in his letter to Father Duran he tells of losing "*a great many*" horses in the attempt made "ten or fifteen days since," apparently from the same camp. If he had referred to his first attempt he would hardly have used the expression "*a great many*" when he had lost *only five*, and furthermore, if he had made only *one* attempt previous to the date of the Duran letter why did he say "I have made *several* efforts to pass the mountains"? And does not his remark, "I returned to this place" imply that one or more of these attempts were from the same northern base camp, which, as has been shown, was at the locality on American River now called Folsom.

Another example of Mr. Fletcher's disregard of facts is the following: He says, "Smith's positive statements that both of his attempts to cross the mountains were from the valley of the Wim-mul-che were . . ." I am utterly unable to find that Smith ever said anything of the kind.

Where was Smith from early February till May 19, 1827?

Smith left Mission San Gabriel January 19, 1827, and while securing supplies for the northward trip was camped three miles from San Bernardino the latter part of the month. The horseback trip from San Bernardino to the Tulare region in the southern part of the San Joaquin Valley was naturally by way of Cajon Pass and the Mohave Desert, with no beaver streams to detain the party, and hence would take only a few days. But Smith did not set out on his successful crossing of the Sierra until May 20. What was he doing during the intervening three and three-quarters months? Cronise says he was trapping beaver and other animals from Tulare to the American Fork

¹¹ From Smith's letter to Padre Duran published by Cronise in his *Natural Wealth of California*, pp. 44-45, 1868, and reprinted by various authors.

of the Sacramento—a statement which there seems to be no reason to doubt.

The Gallatin and Wilkes maps

I have already called attention¹² to the fact that Gallatin's maps of 1836 and 1848, and Wilkes' map of 1841, have dotted lines showing Smith's route from California to Salt Lake, and to the additional fact that both Gallatin and Wilkes had been given the benefit of Smith's explorations. Gallatin expressly states that he had received from General Ashley (Jedediah Smith's senior partner) a manuscript map accompanied by numerous explanatory notes, and so on. These maps show that Smith emerged on the east side of the Sierra *north* of the source of American River and also *north* of the then unknown Lake Tahoe. In view of these obvious facts, how are we to account for Mr. Fletcher's astounding statement that "The Gallatin map contains striking and well-nigh conclusive proof that Smith's route was from the vicinity of the Stanislaus"!

Mr. Fletcher goes on to say that Gallatin's map shows two parallel northerly flowing streams just east of the Sierra, which he (Fletcher, not Gallatin) says "can be no other than the present Carson and Walker Rivers," thus overlooking the fact that the Truckee, formerly called Salmon-Trout River, is the first stream on the east side of the mountains along the route indicated by Gallatin, and the one Smith may have followed to the point where it turns northward toward Pyramid Lake. The second stream (which Fletcher identifies as the first) appears to be the Carson. Wilkes' map of 1841 shows a third stream (which may be Reese River) and also a lake immediately north of Smith's route which may possibly have been Carson Lake, then much larger than at present—though the maps are on too small a scale and contain too many errors to justify positive conclusions.

Why Smith did not take the Humboldt Valley route

Mr. Fletcher takes pains to point out that Smith did not follow the Humboldt Valley route, which, had he crossed the mountains from American River, would have been his natural course. But he omits to add that at the time of Smith's journey Humboldt River (regardless of name) was unknown, and furthermore—and this is important—that when he left the mountains he was *many miles west* of its Sink and from the nature of the intervening country could not possibly have known of its existence.

It would seem, therefore, after a careful perusal of Mr. Fletcher's criticisms, that he is in error historically, ethnologically, and geographically.

C. HART MERRIAM.

¹² Sierra Club Bull., Vol. XI, No. 4, p. 377, 1923.

PORTSMOUTH SQUARE

(A PAPER READ BEFORE THE CALIFORNIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY MARCH 25, 1924.)

What Boston Common is to Bostonians, Portsmouth Square is, or should be, to San Franciscans—a place to be regarded with affection and deep interest. If all the historic spots in its neighborhood were properly marked, the Square could be fenced by tablets, and a part of its surface paved as well. It was the center of "First Things." Not only did the little village of Yerba Buena cluster around it—such few buildings as there were—but almost over night, with Marshall's discovery of gold, there sprang up in its neighborhood those commercial and social institutions demanded by, and serving, the rapidly expanding population. Swept by fire again and again, it still in the rebuildings that followed maintained its place as the center of the feverish life of the town. It was the background for scenes of tragedy and of pathos; for scenes of rejoicing and mourning; of social pleasure and of patriotic outbursts; of political harangues and of funeral orations. Crimes and the penalties for crimes took place within its borders while on the outskirts noble men strove for the social and moral uplift of the town. Gradually it has become the recreation ground for the foreign population upon its borders and now its benches are filled by mariners and aliens from the five continents and the seven seas.

William Heath Davis says that when he visited San Francisco Bay in 1833 there was not a single inhabitant, outside of the Presidio and the Mission, of what is now known as the City and County of San Francisco, and "at the place now occupied by Portsmouth Square there was growing a crop of Irish potatoes enclosed by a brush fence, the crop having been planted by Candelario Miramontes who resided near the Presidio with his family."

In the early years of the nineteenth century few ships visited the bay, but the ever-increasing number during the third decade (vessels coming for hides and whalers for provisions) determined Governor Figueroa to establish a trading post on Yerba Buena cove, as it had been found that here was a much better anchorage than near the Presidio. Though Figueroa died before his project was carried out he is entitled to be considered the founder of Yerba Buena, the village which in 1847 was re-christened San Francisco, and which in its expansion under American rule soon embraced the earlier settlements at the Presidio and the Mission Dolores.

Figueroa had appointed as Harbormaster of the new port Captain William A. Richardson, an Englishman who owned a ranch at Sausalito and operated two small schooners on the bay, collecting hides and

tallow from Dolores, Santa Clara and San José Missions and from the near-by ranches. He was directed to draw a plan for the town, which he did, laying out a single street, *La Calle de la Fundacion* (Foundation Street), running northwest from a point near what is now the intersection of Kearny and Pine Streets. On the north side of this street he chose a hundred vara lot, upon which in 1835 he built of ship's canvas on redwood posts a shelter for himself and family, who thus became the first inhabitants of Yerba Buena. A lonely spot it must have been, between two and three blocks from the water of the cove, surrounded only by sand dunes and chaparral.

The next year Jacob P. Leese built the first frame house on a lot adjoining Richardson's on the south. If you walk today from Portsmouth Square up Clay Street to Grant Avenue and stand facing west, you can visualize Richardson's tent on your right hand and Leese's house on your left. You can imagine this house just completed on the Fourth of July, 1836, and the great company which Leese gathered together for the double celebration, Independence Day and his house-warming. Richardson had delivered the invitations while Leese had hastened the completion of his home. All the Spanish families around the bay responded as well as officers and families from the Presidio, officers from ships in the harbor and families from the Mission—about sixty in all. Over the long table a canvas was raised for protection from the sun and tents were provided for the comfort of the guests. They came by boat and on horseback, there being as yet no wagon road to the cove. The entertainment began by a grand feast at five o'clock followed by toasts and responses, then music and dancing kept up until nearly morning; a few hours sleep and more feasting and dancing. As a grand finale a picnic on Rincon Hill. Livelier times had begun for the little town. This first Fourth-of-July celebration was a patriotic demonstration as well as a social function. It was the occasion of the first raising of the American flag on the site of the future San Francisco, ten years before the official flag-raising in Portsmouth Square, Leese's house being adorned by all the bunting the ships in the harbor could spare, American and Mexican flags floating amicably together. A few days after his house-warming Leese opened a \$12,000 stock of general merchandise in a part of his house. He married a sister of General Vallejo and in this house, in 1838, was born their daughter, Rosalie, the first white child born in Yerba Buena. Here we have by April, 1838, within a stone's throw of the square, the first two dwellings, the first mercantile establishment, the first social affair, the first Independence Day celebration, the first raising of the American flag and the birth of the first white child. But this is only

the beginning. In 1837 Richardson replaced his tent by a large adobe house which was called Casa Grande. For ten years it was one of the largest buildings in the town. It escaped in the various fires which swept the vicinity and was taken down in 1852. In the meantime it was not only a home but furnished office room for revenue collectors and other officials. In the same year that Richardson built this house Leese put up another building nearer the beach, on the west side of Montgomery Street, between Clay and Sacramento as they were afterwards laid out.

In 1839 Governor Alvarado ordered a survey of Yerba Buena, and the Alcalde, Francisco de Haro, ordered Jean Jacques Vioget, a Swiss surveyor, to do the work. He extended the boundaries of Richardson's map by several streets in each direction, but on his map the Plaza was not yet defined. However, as no streets were named, perhaps this fact is not significant. It is noteworthy that the founders, in making grants for house lots, ordered that "they shall be in as good order and arrangement as possible, in order that the streets and plazas which may be formed may have from the beginning proper uniformity and harmony." I have a theory that the site of Miramontes' potato field was chosen for the Plaza because that ground had been cleared and cultivated, and all the other blocks were drifting sand hills or chaparral thickets.

In 1838 and '39 Juan Fuller had a wash house at the foot of Clay Street, which was then just below Montgomery Street, where a spring of fresh water flowed from under the bank, but he must have gone out of the business before 1849, for Gerstaecker, a German traveller, tells us that when he visited San Francisco in that year there was scarcely a spot ten feet square in the city where a soiled, but otherwise perfectly new, shirt was not lying. When almost as much had to be paid for washing as for the linen itself, it was as cheap to throw away and buy new; but he tells us also, as Bayard Taylor did, that some men more thriftily stored their garments until they had several dozen and then sent them to China or the Sandwich Islands to be cleansed. At any rate, the first laundry was set up early in the life of the town and it was only a block from the Plaza. Even nearer, on Clay Street, between Montgomery and Kearny, Nathan Spear, in 1839, built the first grist mill. It was run by mule power.

In 1844 the Governor authorized the building of a Custom House at Yerba Buena, the cost not to exceed \$800. The receiver of customs had hitherto had his office in Richardson's Casa Grande. The new building was erected on the northwest corner of the Plaza, with its gable ends to the north and south. A veranda ran across both ends and the front which faced the Plaza. It was built of adobe, mostly by

Indian labor, with a roof of tile, and contained four rooms. The cost was \$2800 instead of the \$800 allowed. In front was a flagpole, probably occupying about the same spot that the flagpole does today. When later the business of the customs was removed to another building, the "old adobe" served the Alcalde as headquarters, and still later gave office room to lawyers and bankers. It was destroyed by fire in 1851.

The first piece of civic improvement was made not far from the Square. At the foot of Jackson Street; that is, at Jackson and Montgomery (for these were the days, be it remembered, when "the water came up to Montgomery Street,") there was a small salt water lagoon, around which everyone who wished to walk farther north had to make a detour if he wished to go dry shod. In 1844 William Hinckley, then Alcalde, built a little bridge across the neck of this lagoon, thus enabling the citizens to reach Clark's Point without wetting their feet or going around. This caused such wonder and interest among the native Californians that they came from great distances "for to admire and for to see."

As an outcome of the Mexican War, Captain Montgomery of the warship *Portsmouth* received orders from Commodore Sloat to take possession of Yerba Buena and northern California. On July 9, 1846, he landed with seventy sailors and marines at the foot of Clay Street and, to the sound of martial music, marched up Clay Street to the Plaza where he ran up the Stars and Stripes on the pole which had held the Mexican flag. He did not have to haul that down, for the receiver of customs, before leaving to join General Castro, had saved him the trouble. There was not a Mexican official left in town from whom to demand a surrender, so the occupation was peaceful. The flag was saluted by 21 guns from the *Portsmouth* and was roundly cheered by the Americans. Captain Montgomery made a short address. Sloat's proclamation was read amid cheers and was posted in Spanish and English on the flagstaff. This dramatic event was, of course, the most important in the history of *Portsmouth Square*, the name by which our Plaza should henceforth be known. I find no official proclamation of the bestowal of the name; but, perhaps, it was not necessary, as in the case of replacing "Yerba Buena" by "San Francisco," for Plaza is only a word to signify an open place, and to call the Square after the ship which brought the Captain and furnished the accessories of the day was not to rechristen, but to christen it. At any rate the name grew gradually into common use, although on an Alcalde map of 1847 the Square is still marked "Plaza" and we often hear it today. On that map of 1847 the streets were named, that of Captain Montgomery being bestowed upon what had formerly been known as the *Embarcadero*.

From this time the growth of the little settlement moved faster. A year after it came under American rule there were one hundred and fifty-seven buildings, more than half of which had been erected during the previous three months. The population was estimated at four hundred and fifty-nine, exclusive of soldiers and those who lived at the Mission; but a large proportion of this increase was due to the arrival, a few weeks after Montgomery's proclamation in Portsmouth Square, of the ship *Brooklyn* from New York, with two hundred Mormons in charge of their Elder, Samuel Brannan. Some of the number scattered to lumbering and agricultural pursuits; but many of them, having useful trades, found a living and a welcome in the growing town. Brannan was the leader in two "first events" which took place in the close neighborhood of Portsmouth Square. On August 16, 1846, he preached in Richardson's Casa Grande to a congregation of his faith; so we must resign ourselves to the fact that the first Protestant service held in San Francisco was Mormon. However, he and most of his followers later became apostates from their faith. He also published the first newspaper in San Francisco. He had brought with him a printing press and complete equipment, and on January 7, 1847, he brought out the first number of the *California Star*, in the house where he lived, on the southeast corner of Dupont and Washington Streets. His press is now in the Museum in Golden Gate Park.

On May 28, 1847, in honor of General Taylor's victory at Buena Vista, on July 4, and again on the 7th, to mark the anniversary of American occupation, there were enthusiastic celebrations, of which, of course, Portsmouth Square was the center. Firecrackers, bonfires, speeches and all the illumination possible marked these events, with a grand ball to terminate these ceremonies. This took place at the Portsmouth House which disputes with the City Hotel the honor of being the first hotel. Zoeth Eldridge awards the honor to the Portsmouth House; but it was not opened as a hotel until after the arrival of the *Brooklyn* in 1847, while the City Hotel, first known as the Brown House, was opened in 1846 by John H. Brown in an adobe house which was built by Leidesdorff on the southwest corner of Clay and Kearny Streets. The Portsmouth House, also opened and run for a time by Brown (later by Dr. Elbert P. Jones, the editor of the *California Star*, and for whom Jones Street was named,) was on Clay Street, just east of Kearny. The building of the Portsmouth was the older, having been erected in 1842 or '43, but its use as a hotel seems clearly to post-date the other, even according to Mr. Eldridge's own reckoning. At any rate, both these sites were in close proximity to the Square.

The first school in San Francisco was opened in April, 1847, in a

shanty on Dupont Street, between Broadway and Pacific. It did not prosper. The next year a School House was erected on the west side of the Square which thus held two buildings and seems to have served in those days as a civic center, rather than as a pleasure park. The building was primarily for a school; but, since it also served the purpose of town hall, court house, Sunday school, church, and place of entertainment, it was called the Public Institute. Thomas Douglas, a Yale graduate, was the first teacher, and in 1849 the Rev. Albert Williams, the first Presbyterian pastor, re-opened the school in this building, which had been closed when most of the town rushed off to the mines. Here he also organized his church. In its last days the School House served as a jail: but, before it had descended to this poor estate, it was the scene of the first public entertainment in San Francisco. Stephen Massett, who wrote over the pen name of Jeems Pipes of Pipesville, and who lived among the sand dunes on one of the plank roads leading to the Mission, on June 22, 1849, gave a concert in the building. Vocal and instrumental music were interspersed with recitations and imitations. The only piano in the country was used for the occasion and it cost sixteen dollars to have it moved across the Square from the Custom House to the School House. The tickets were three dollars each and the proceeds were five hundred dollars. On the program was this hint: "Front seats reserved for ladies." This was evidently no hardship to the men, for history records that there were but four ladies present—"probably all there were in town," Charles Warren Stoddard adds to his account of the concert. I think that there is a copy of this program in Golden Gate Park Museum.

With the sudden expansion of the town after the gold discovery, all sorts of amusement places sprang up in the neighborhood of the Square. Mr. Rowe's Olympic Circus was opened south of the Plaza in a big tent on Kearny Street, near Clay, and was soon crowded with patrons. The first drama in the city was given in January, 1850, in Washington Hall on Washington Street, opposite the northern side of the Plaza. The play, poorly rendered, was Sheridan Knowles "The Wife." In 1850 Thomas Maguire, for a quarter of a century afterwards the lessee or owner of the principal theaters of the city, converted the upper part of the Parker House, opposite the eastern side of the Square, into a theater which he named the Jenny Lind. Here Gerstaecker, the traveller, witnessed a poor performance of the Merchant of Venice and, though he regretted the two dollars spent for a seat, he said: "You got enough for your money, for while the orchestra before you played one overture, you could plainly hear another from the saloon below." Jenny Lind No. 2 followed No. 1 when the latter

was destroyed by fire in 1851. No. 2 swiftly suffered a like fate. No. 3, this time of brick, was sold to the city in 1852 for use as a City Hall, which purpose it served until it gave way to the Hall of Justice which was destroyed in 1906. After disposing of his third Jenny Lind, Maguire opened a hall on Washington Street, near Montgomery which he later named Maguire's Opera House. On this stage Junius Brutus Booth appeared and his son, Edwin, just beginning his career. Their home on Telegraph Hill overlooked Portsmouth Square. On the northeast corner of Kearny and Clay Streets, across from the corner of the Square, in 1856, James Capen Adams, of whom Theodore Hittell wrote so entertainingly, established the Pacific Museum, and there until 1859 Adams gave exhibitions of his bears and other animals.

Opposite the eastern and northern sides of Portsmouth Square were bowling alleys, billiard rooms, and the gambling saloons of which we have read so much, brilliantly lighted, elegantly furnished according to the times and thronged with players and visitors. But while we read in history and fiction the lurid tales about them, we should not forget that, while they were bordering the Square on the east and north, to the south were growing up solid business houses and to the west churches of all denominations. The gold seekers had no sooner started than the soul seekers were on the way and, most fortunately for San Francisco, the first clergymen who found their way here were an admirable body of men. The churches nowadays, which are trying so hard to fraternize warmly across denominational lines might well learn a lesson from the friendly spirit of the devoted ministers who came here in 1849 and '50. Roman Catholic and Protestant united in many good works and all strove together against the forces of evil.

When the Rev. William Taylor of the Methodist Church, on December 3, 1849, announced that he would hold an open-air service in Portsmouth Square that afternoon, all his friends tried to dissuade him. The Square was half surrounded by gambling and drinking houses and Sunday was the day on which they did the most thriving business; but Mr. Taylor, believing in taking the gospel where it was most needed, persisted in his purpose. He appropriated a carpenter's work-bench in front of the largest gambling house for a pulpit and, with his wife to help him, he opened his service with a hymn. He is said to have had a wonderful voice of great carrying power and soon the men crowded out of the gambling houses to see what was going on. When he was surrounded by a dense mass he pointed to the Stars and Stripes floating in Portsmouth Square and said that there was no one who loved that flag and the institutions fostered under it, in short, no true American, but would observe order under the preaching of God's word. He

said later that every man present was for that hour "a true American," and that that sermon was but the first of nearly six hundred preached in the streets of San Francisco during her roughest period, during no one of which was he ever seriously disturbed, nor did he ever lose a congregation. The first church building of San Francisco, indeed, of California, outside the old Spanish Missions, was erected in 1849 for the Baptist congregation, on Washington Street, near the Square. Before this the Methodist, Presbyterian and Congregational churches had organized, and the Episcopalian at about the same time. All soon had houses of worship not far away.

The first brick building in town was put up by Mellus and Howard in 1848, on the corner of Clay Street and Montgomery. On Brenham Place, opposite the western side of Portsmouth Square was early erected the house of the Monumental Engine Company, with one other company the first organization of fire-fighters in the city. Its bell was the signal for the first Vigilance Committee. The first bank in San Francisco, Wright and Company's Miners' Bank, stood in 1849 on the northwest corner of Kearny and Washington Streets, opposite the Plaza.

The Post Office almost requires a story by itself. The salient points only can be touched upon here. President Polk, in January, 1849, for his services during the Mexican War, appointed Col. John W. Geary Postmaster of San Francisco, with power to create post offices, appoint postmasters, and establish mail routes. With wife and children, he set sail from New York on the first of February. After a long delay in Panama, waiting for the steamer Oregon which was coming around the Horn, Colonel Geary arrived in San Francisco on April 1, bringing with him a quantity of mail, about five thousand letters, besides papers. He first hired a room at the corner of Montgomery and Washington Streets and, having no boxes to facilitate distribution, he drew squares on the floor which were alphabetically marked. Delivery was made by removing a pane of glass from a window. As sixteen dollars a day was the lowest price for assistants and as his allowance was limited he did much of the work himself and was in constant attendance. He soon moved the office to Washington and Stockton Streets where it remained but a short time, a little later being instituted in a frame building on the southwest corner of Pike and Clay Streets, about one block west of the Square, Pike Street dividing the block between Dupont and Stockton Streets. As soon as President Taylor came into office he appointed Jacob B. Moore as successor to Colonel Geary. Mr. Moore was a fellow traveller with Bayard Taylor from New York. His problem upon arrival was the distribution of twenty thousand letters and second-class mail accordingly, which ac-

accompanied him. With his sons and clerks he worked steadily two days and nights before the office could be opened for delivery. Sometimes a mail was long delayed, several steamers arriving without any, and then the case was still more difficult. Bayard Taylor tells of lending a hand on one occasion when all worked for forty-four hours without sleep, then in turn snatching an hour or two of rest and going on, opening the office in forty-eight hours. In the meantime long lines of impatient and exasperated men stood or tramped the long hours through. While the distribution was going on the lines grew until they extended the block down the hill, across Portsmouth Square to the south, across Sacramento Street and into the chaparral beyond. Ten and twenty dollars were often paid for a place in the line and many stood all night in mud and rain in their eagerness to receive early the expected letter from home, and often to suffer a tragic disappointment.

Restaurants were around and near the Plaza, the United States, Tortoni's, the Alhambra, Delmonico's, all very high in price and scantily supplied with fruit, vegetables, butter and milk, one or more of which was always totally missing. Meat and bread were abundant, but nothing was cheap. Squashes and cabbages were brought from the Sandwich Islands. It was a notable event when one day a restaurant keeper furnished each of his patrons with a potato about the size of an English walnut. They were such a rarity that he would not entrust them to a waiter, but with a proud flourish served each man himself. One patron rashly asked for a second helping, but the number had been carefully reckoned before the supply was bought, and he could not be gratified. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor started a garden with the fall rains of 1849. A restaurant keeper passing one day saw some flourishing greens and offered Mrs. Taylor ten dollars for a pailful which she sold to him. In a few days he returned for more. Mrs. Taylor said ten dollars was too much, but he could have another pailful for eight. She then asked him how he could afford to pay so much. He said he boiled them slightly with a piece of bacon and allowed his patrons a forkful apiece for fifty cents, at that rate making a good profit. One notes his canniness in the scant boiling, thereby retaining their bulk and one imagines how deftly the patrons learned to twist their forks if they were allowed to help themselves.

From December, 1849, to June, 1851, six disastrous fires swept over the heart of the little town, destroying time after time most of the buildings in the neighborhood of the Square, but time after time their owners, with indomitable courage, brought fresh material for reconstruction before the embers were cold. At last the buildings were made more fire-resisting and substantial; for this, granite, ready dressed, was

brought from China and brick from Sydney, London, New York, and Boston.

During these years the unfenced Plaza had received little attention. It was the same shabby, unimproved spot Bayard Taylor had found "occupying the slant side of a hill" when he arrived in 1849. The goods and lumber he found cluttering the surface had disappeared; but, though the streets in which that winter men and mules had drowned in the mud, had been graded, planked and sewered, the Square continued to be neglected. It had neither tree, nor shrub, nor grass. The Custom House and School House were gone. In their places were a rude platform for public speakers and a cow-pen, enclosed by rough boards, the pound, perhaps. But, notwithstanding its unkempt appearance, it was the center of life. Men of all races passed up and down its borders, each in the characteristic garb of his nation—Turks in turbans, Russians in furs, Chinamen with queues, tattooed New Zealanders, Chilians, Peruvians and Mexicans in serapes shading from somber to gay, Kanakas, Malays, Californians on prancing horses with silver-mounted trappings, and a mixture of Americans among them all. Stalls with newspapers, sweetmeats, toys and other small articles of merchandise, were here and there, and around the whole neighborhood was bustle and stir.

Mass meetings of the citizens were held in the Square from time to time, for elections, resolutions, protests, proposals and declarations of rights, and most of them were very exciting affairs. On October 25, 1849, the first Democratic meeting ever held in California assembled at Dennison's Exchange, but the attendance was so large that the meeting had to be adjourned to the public square.

In 1849 a gang of ruffians, calling themselves the Regulators, but more aptly re-christened the Hounds, acting on the principle that the world owed them a living, terrorized the town, especially the foreign quarter, north of the Plaza where a number of Peruvians, Chilians and Mexicans were living in tents. The Hounds themselves had a big tent near the Plaza which they called Tammany Hall. They committed all sorts of depredations and defied whatever authority there was. Finally, after a particularly atrocious affair, Alcalde Leavenworth, urged by Samuel Brannan, called a mass-meeting in the Plaza. Business was suspended and every resident of San Francisco, except the Hounds and their victims, was there. The Square was packed. A volunteer force of citizens was organized and armed as constables and that very afternoon twenty of the desperadoes were arrested and imprisoned in the United States vessel *Warren*, then in the bay. As there was no city prison in which to hold them, they were afterwards released, but

their backbone was broken and, fearing lynching, most of them left the city. This episode left the salutary lesson that the intelligent and energetic citizens of San Francisco were able to enforce an orderly government, and was a forecast of the Vigilance Committees of 1851 and 1856.

Soon after disposing of the Hounds a new menace appeared in a gang of released prisoners and ticket-of-leave men from Australia. They came ostensibly to work in the mines, but had no more idea of working than the Hounds had had. Robbing the man who did work was their game and murders were the frequent accompaniment. It was suspected that some, at least, of the frequent fires originated with them. After daily mass-meetings in the Square, the citizens, suddenly, in June, 1851, formed the first of the two famous Vigilance Committees. John Jenkins, one of the most notorious of the so-called Sydney coves, was tried by the committee, found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. There being no other convenient place at hand, he was marched to the Square and the rope thrown over a beam at the end of the old Custom House. Edward Bosqui was clerk at the time for a banking house which occupied the south end of the building, and was sleeping on the office counter. He was awakened by a noise outside the window. On looking out he was confronted by the unexpected and gruesome sight of a man hanging a few feet from his window. A few more salutary lessons and the worst days being over for a time, the Vigilance Committee of '51 ceased to act, though the association was not dissolved.

In 1850 the Independence Day celebration was distinguished by the erection on the Plaza of a magnificent flagstaff, presented by the citizens of Portland, Oregon. The height of the pole was one hundred and eleven feet. It was a foot in diameter at the bottom, tapering regularly to three inches at the top and straight as an arrow.

On August 28 of the same year a novel and interesting ceremony took place in Portsmouth Square. Mayor Geary, the Rev. Albert Williams and other members of a committee appointed for the purpose gathered there for the first public recognition of the presence of the Chinese in the city. The Chinese were assembled and conducted in procession, two by two, to a large platform in the Square. Mr. Williams says that in their rich national costumes, not omitting their costly fans, to shelter them from the sun, they were objects of marked observation. In turn they were addressed through an interpreter by the members of the committee, the speakers uniting in expressing the pleasure, shared by the other citizens of San Francisco, at their presence and the hope that more of their people would follow their example in coming to our shores, and finally charging them with a message to their

friends in China, that in coming to this country they would find welcome and protection. Books and papers printed in Chinese, both religious and secular, were distributed to them. Their dignified manners and general attractive bearing called forth universal commendation. One paper said "We have never seen a finer looking body of men in San Francisco; in fact, this portion of our population is a pattern of sobriety, order and obedience to law, not only to other foreign residents, but to Americans themselves." The next day the death of President Taylor was commemorated by a funeral procession in which, by invitation of the mayor, the Chinese residents bore a prominent part. The parade moved through the streets to the Square where a prayer and eulogy concluded the ceremonies.

On October 18, 1850, the steamer Oregon arrived from New York, decorated with all the bunting she possessed and a large flag bearing the inscription, "California is a State." Cannon giving notice of her coming, courts were adjourned, business suspended and streets and hillsides were soon crowded with people. As the steamer rounded Clark's Point her bell (now in Golden Gate Park Museum) was rung steadily and she was greeted by shouts and cheers. The scene was one of the wildest excitement. Rivals and enemies forgot their differences, grasped each other's hands and embraced. Two large cannon placed in Portsmouth Square were brought into action and rockets and bonfires illuminated the night; for nothing so momentous as the admission of California into the Union could occur without at least a part of the glorification taking place in the Square. On the 29th of October the formal celebration took place. There was a procession of which the Chinese again formed a striking feature. The line of march ended at the Plaza where Judge Nathaniel Bennett delivered an oration, and an ode, written for the occasion, was sung by a large choir. In the evening there were more bonfires and illuminations, the whole terminating in the finest ball the city had thus far seen. Three hundred ladies and five hundred gentlemen danced until daylight. No wall-flowers there among the women!

Noteworthy assemblages in the Square were connected with the assassination of James King of William, and the death of Broderick at the hand of Judge Terry. After Casey's dastardly act the indignation of the people culminated in a mass meeting on the Plaza where fiery speeches were made; but no leader arising, and hearing that the Vigilance Committee was forming, the meeting adjourned without action. On June 22 Casey and Cora having been executed by order of the Committee, the Herald called for a mass meeting of the friends of law and order, in other words, those opposed to the Vigilance Committee. This

took place at two P. M. that day on the Plaza. A great crowd attended, those in sympathy with the committee at first remaining outside the fence. An attempt to raise the flag resulting in the breaking of a halyard and the fall of the flag to the ground, the Vigilante sympathizers cheered the incident as an omen, saying the flag declined to protect their opponents. Various speakers held forth. Colonel Baker, a really great orator, had difficulty in securing a hearing. The crowd remembered that he had defended Cora for a ten-thousand dollar fee. His eloquence finally won, but the meeting was admitted to be a failure. Three years later when Broderick was fatally shot in a duel with Judge Terry his funeral was held in the Square. His body was placed on a catafalque and in the presence of thirty thousand people Colonel Baker surpassed himself in an eloquent oration.

The events of later years connected with the Square may be telescoped into a few paragraphs. The city rapidly grew away from this center and the important events took place elsewhere. The Square itself scarcely seemed to parallel the general improvements of the city. In 1854 the Square was graded and fenced, but the picture of that year does not show it much improved; the fence being of plain boards was not in the least ornamental. It looks better unfenced in the picture of 1852. A picture of 1856, however, shows a trim iron fence and a few small trees.

In 1867 Frederick Law Olmstead, at that time America's greatest landscape engineer, visited San Francisco and made a survey of the parks and squares. His report was calculated to deaden the efforts of any city government of San Francisco so far as park improvement was concerned. He so little understood conditions here that he stated that neither the topography, soil nor climate of San Francisco left room for hope that in beauty of green sward, or umbrageous trees, could this city hope to compare in the most distant degree with New York or London. He said it would not be wise to form a park here upon any plan which assumed that trees to delight the eye could be made to grow in San Francisco. He did not know

"This wonderful land, where the turbulent sand
Will burst into bloom at the touch of a hand,
And a desert baptised
Prove an Eden disguised."

When John McLaren came with his wand of wizardry all our parks, small as well as large, became beauty spots. But before Portsmouth Square had gained more than a green covering and a few trees,

a stranger, low in health and fortune, who dwelt a few weeks among us in the fall of 1879, had found the Square an interesting spot. The people who gathered there from Chinatown, Little Italy and other foreign settlements upon its borders made nearly as cosmopolitan a throng as those who trod its soil in earlier days, and so, when in 1897, a monument was to be erected to the memory of Robert Louis Stevenson, Portsmouth Square was chosen as the site of the fountain, designed by Willis Polk and Bruce Porter, which bears the immortal lines from Stevenson's Christmas sermon. Here there gathered for many years on his birthday night a group of his friends and of those who love his writings, to hang upon the fountain a wreath of laurel after a commemorative banquet held not far away. The banquets have been given up, but one of the faithful still places the annual wreath on the fountain when November 13 rolls around.

On the morning of April 18, 1906, Portsmouth Square, with all San Francisco, awoke to a great dramatic scene. Earthquake and fire, doing their fell work, drove the frightened inhabitants of the neighborhood into the Square. Citizens, hastening to offer their services to the Mayor, rushed from the ruined City Hall to the badly damaged Hall of Justice opposite the Square and from there to the Square itself where they gathered around the Stevenson fountain and put in practice its admonition, "to be kind." As the fire drew nearer, consuming surrounding buildings and scorching the trees of the Square, the men moved west to the unfinished Fairmont Hotel. Soon a long row of temporary graves appeared under the shadow of the fountain, to be replaced later by the tents of refugees and of the soldier guard. In December the tents were replaced by one hundred and fifty two-roomed cottages which occupied the Square during the winter and the spring of 1907. The Square has never quite recovered from that enforced occupation. The grass is restored, but the trees are not as beautiful and shrubbery and flowers are less abundant.

A few weeks ago occurred the latest interesting event connected with Portsmouth Square, and one of the most important. Representatives from the various chapters of The Daughters of the American Revolution around the bay gathered near the northwestern corner for the unveiling of a tablet to commemorate the acquisition of California by the United States and the raising of the American flag in the Square by Captain Montgomery. The flagstaff now stands, as nearly as can be calculated, in the same spot as the one of Montgomery's day, and we are warranted in believing that the base to which the tablet is affixed is very near the place where he stood to make his address and read Commodore Sloat's proclamation. No more important event or

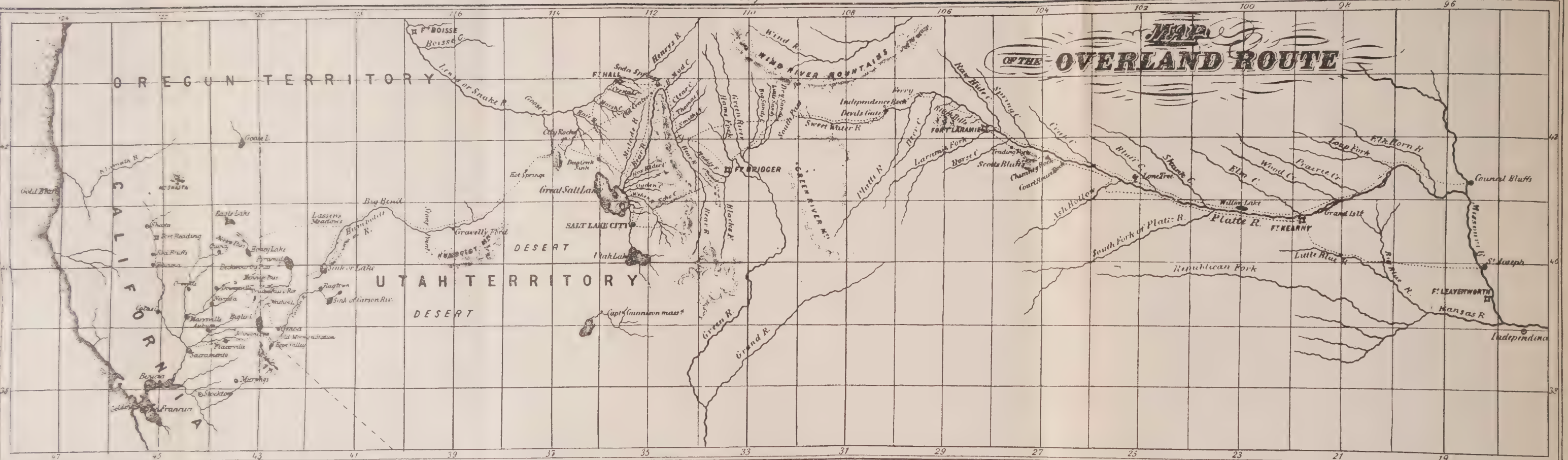
spot in the history of California during the last hundred years could have been chosen for a marker. On the outskirts of the gathering that day hovered the same motley crowd which any proceedings in the Square gathers—men, women and children of many nations. It was the characteristic scene which prompted Wallace Irwin's beautiful sonnet on the Stevenson Fountain.

“Perchance from out the thousands passing by—
The city's hopeless lotus-eaters these,
Blown by the four winds of the seven seas
From common want to common company—
Perchance someone may lift his heavy eye
And smile with freshening memory when he sees
Those golden pennons bellying in the breeze
And spread for ports where fair adventures lie.
And O, that such a one might stay a space
And taste of sympathy, till to his ears
Might come the tale of him who knew the grace
To suffer sweetly through the bitter years,
And catch the smiles concealed in Fortune's face,
And draw contentment from a cup of tears.”

HELEN THROOP PURDY.

Longitude West From Greenwich

MAP OF THE OVERLAND ROUTE



Longitude West From Washington

Reichel & Drossel lith 176 Clay St S.F.

THE MEMOIRS OF LEMUEL CLARKE McKEEBY

INTRODUCTION

Lemuel Clarke McKeeby, the writer of these Memoirs, was born in the city of New York, September 8, 1825, the son of Edward McKeeby and Catherine Clarke. The McKeeby family were from Dutchess County, New York, the descendants of a McKeeby who came from Scotland to this country about 1683.

When a little over twenty years of age Judge McKeeby left his parents' home, which at that time was in Brooklyn, and journeying slowly by road, canal and steamer, landed at Detroit, where he joined a surveying party whose object was to locate mineral claims in the upper Michigan peninsula. When the war with Mexico broke out, the young man joined the Brady Guards in Detroit, but instead of going to the front as they expected, this company was stationed at Fort Mackinac, where they spent the winter. The company was mustered out in Detroit, June 30, 1848, and McKeeby was given a warrant for 160 acres of land, which he proceeded to locate in the pine country in the Green Bay district.

About this time McKeeby's parents came from the east and the family settled in Milwaukee. When the gold excitement broke out, his brother-in-law, George Wright, insisted upon going to California, and the family decided that McKeeby should go with him.

On the 20th of April, 1850, with a light two-horse wagon, a tent, and a general outfit, and two good Canadian horses, they drove out of Milwaukee on their way overland, and reached Council Bluffs on the 8th of May. At this time McKeeby contracted malarial fever, which troubled him for some time. Finally they left the Missouri River, May 13, and at this point his day to day journal begins.

The travelers reached Placerville on the 3d of August, making what was for that time almost a record trip, thus showing what two intelligent, capable men could accomplish, who had sufficient foresight to secure a first-class outfit.

Wright and McKeeby immediately started mining in the immediate vicinity of Placerville. After knocking about at various places, and like all other miners of the time running around to every reported new discovery, McKeeby finally bought an interest in a claim at French Corral, where he put in a ditch and met with considerable success. About 1852 he became interested in some mining properties at Sebastopol. This claim, which became known as McKeeby's Diggings, turned out to be very profitable and continued to pay until 1863, when he sold his interest in his claim and removed to Carson City, Nevada,

where he was justice of the peace, coroner, and member of the legislature, adding to his income by running a brokerage business, buying and selling state and county scrip.

In 1868, McKeeby bought an interest in a business in San Buena-ventura and removed there with his family, which at that time consisted of his wife, her mother, and two children. This business he disposed of about 1875, and he then opened a law office in partnership with M. C. Bledsoe. This arrangement did not last long, and he continued the law practice alone, managing to make a good living out of this and the insurance business. In 1889 he was appointed deputy collector of internal revenue in Los Angeles, and giving up his law practice, he removed to that place; but after retiring from office, again resumed the practice of law, which he continued until 1902, when he retired at the age of 77 years.

On April 30, 1856, he was married in Marysville to Caroline Augusta Sampson, a San Juan school teacher, who died July 26, 1907, in Hollywood. McKeeby himself passed away in Hollywood at the home of his daughter, Mrs. A. G. Bartlett, October 19, 1915, leaving two children, Mrs. A. G. Bartlett (born Mary Augusta McKeeby) and George Lemuel McKeeby, a lieutenant colonel in the regular army now stationed at Fort Sam Houston, Texas. Another son, Charles Beard McKeeby had died in 1897, without children. In the third generation there are still living three children: Griffith Bartlett McKeeby (son of Lieutenant Colonel McKeeby), and Mrs. Bessie Bartlett Frankel and Florence Eddy Bartlett (daughters of Mrs. A. G. Bartlett).

A typewritten copy of the Memoirs, which comprises 192 pages, has been kindly lent to us by Judge Grant Jackson of Los Angeles. The story is too long to print in full and therefore we have extracted an account of the overland journey, which is in the form of a day by day journal, for publication in this number, and hope to present in the subsequent number an account of Judge McKeeby's early mining experiences.

THE OVERLAND JOURNEY¹

On Monday, the 13th day of May [1850,] at 7 o'clock A. M., we broke camp and bidding adieu to the hills and sloughs of Iowa and a farewell to the Missouri River, in company with a Captain May in command, with some six other wagons, (two of the other wagons were from

¹For the purpose of better following this journey we present herewith a facsimile of the Map of the Overland Route contained in the Wadsworth's *National Wagon Road Guide* in the Henry E. Huntington Library. Although the map was published in 1858 and gives the western section of the National Wagon Road as located in 1857, the road it traces had existed since 1849 and was substantially the one followed by Judge McKeeby and Mr. Wright.

Milwaukee), we started on our long and tiresome journey to the land of gold. The road was dry and smooth. We camped for the night in a small grove 15 miles from our starting place. Wood and water were plenty but grass very scarce. May 14th we got an early start with good road and arrived at Elkhorn River at 12 M. Here we find a ferry on which we cross with our wagon and swim our horses. This takes some time. We then hitch up and drive about two miles and camp; plenty of water and short young grass but no wood. Drive this day 15 miles. May 15th: We get an early start, 5 o'clock A. M. and at 8 A. M. we arrive at the Platte River. We continued along up the Platte, the water of which was very muddy. About 10 A. M. we met with a party of Pawnee Indians about 600 in number; they made no effort to molest us and we passed on. This day we saw the first dead horse this side of the Missouri River. We traveled 30 miles this day and camped on the bank of the Platte River. We gather wood from the willows; have plenty of muddy water and some grass.

May 16th. This day we travel some 33 miles over good roads and through a beautiful country, and then we make camp, with plenty of wood, water and grass.

May 17th. With an early start over good roads we soon arrive at the Loup Fork of the Platte River and continued on up the Loup Fork on the old Mormon Trail, and camped on Beaver Creek, having made 29 miles this day. Here we, with some six other teams, concluded we would split off from the May train and form a smaller train and drive more moderately and rest and feed at noon, which May did not do.

May 18th. We delayed starting this morning until Mr. May got under way when some six teams of us pulled out together. We passed through an Indian village and soon thereafter one of our party shot an antelope. In the evening we had a grand feast. We drove 30 miles today and arrived at the ford of the Loup Fork of the Platte River. The river here is about half a mile wide with quicksand bed, and the only way to make the crossing is by keeping the team on the move. Our wagon was selected to go over first, it being the lightest. The water was from six inches to two feet deep; the bank was steep and the water deep where we started in. In we went and broke our forward bolster, but we could not stop and must go on or sink in the sand. When we got about midway our wagon body shoved over on the forward wheels and this brought us to a halt and down went horses and wagon in the quicksand. Our horses and wagon sunk almost out of sight; all hands turned in to help, and we got our horses out and brought the wagon and our outfit over by piecemeal. All the other

wagons put six horses on and the whole party got safely over. All hands very tired; we go into camp and enjoy a good nights sleep, leaving the usual guard on duty.

May 19th. Sunday. All hands engaged in repairing wagons, drying clothes and resting our teams.

May 20th. We get an early start, fairly good road, a little sandy, following up the north side of the river we come to a small creek and find plenty of grass but no wood. We resort to the use of Buffalo Chips to cook our supper; chips do not make a very good fire, but we manage to get along with it as we have to do very many times. We make 35 miles this day. Here I want to mention that this was the 7th day I had taken my quinine and had broken my fever and felt happy.

May 21st. This morning we saw buffalo for the first time: our road was fairly good and we made early camp with good grass and water with buffalo chips for fuel, having made 24 miles travel.

May 22d. This day our road lay closer to the river, we being on the old Mormon trail and on the north side of the river; on the opposite or south side of the river as far as the eye could reach we could see a string of wagons, some horse, some mule, and some cattle; these teams were some of them from St. Joseph and others from Council Bluffs. It was perfectly wonderful to note the hundreds of teams on the road to California. We drove some 22 miles this day. At night there came up a fearful rainstorm with high wind that blew down our tents and gave us a thorough soaking.

May 23d. This day the road was rough and rocky. About noon we came to a very steep ravine, so steep that we had to lower our wagons down it with ropes. After a long and hard drive we made camp; plenty of wood, water and grass. Made 30 miles.

May 24th. This day we have to again lower our wagons with ropes but aside from that the road is very good; the bluffs and plains are covered with buffalo; they were counted by the thousands in great herds all over the country. Our party killed two of them and we had the luxury of fresh beefsteak for our supper. We traveled 25 miles this day and camped with plenty of grass, water, and wood to cook our buffalo meat which we enjoyed to the utmost.

May 25th. Got an early start, roads heavy and sandy. After traveling 25 miles we camped and jerked some of our buffalo meat by making a grid-iron out of green willows over our camp fire and cutting the meat into thin strips and laying it on the willows and thus drying it.

May 26th. This is Sunday and we lay in camp all day to rest ourselves and horses. Some of our party went hunting and killed one buffalo and one antelope. I want to say here that it has rained every

night for the last ten days; these rains keep the grass growing and at times make the roads muddy. As we lay here upon the north side of the Platte and contemplate that the road on our side of the river for miles ahead are lined with teams [and] from our camp to the Missouri behind us is one continuous line of wagons, and when we look opposite us on the other side of the river, we behold one long string of teams as far as the eye can reach both up and down the river for miles, for the country here is one vast plain of level land with a stretch of willows running through it indicating the course of the river, and think what a vast army of horses and cattle are pressing forward to one goal over one road, we are constrained to ask ourselves what will be the outcome; can those in the rear hope to get feed for their stock. We must be comparatively early in this exodus and to keep in the advance column we must press forward or our teams may be pressed for feed.

May 27th. We got an early start, the roads are muddy and heavy caused by last night's heavy rains. We nooned today at a fine cold spring of water, and whom should we meet here but our fat old friend from Waukesha, Mr. Denney.² He had a light rig, two horses, and had two companions with him. The old man looked all right, a little sunburned and rough but he marched along as sturdily as any of the rest of us for nearly all were on foot. I must digress here to relate that the old man would pick up all the old iron lying along the road even to old iron tires which he would bind up with his immense strength and throw them in the wagon telling his companions that it would come in good play later on. And his companions, later on, when the old man was not observing, would throw them out again. One of his companions told me the old man had gathered about a ton of this stuff which they had quietly dropped out again. We made 28 miles this day and camped; some water, good grass, and buffalo chips for fuel. This evening I was taken with a chill which reminded me that this was the 14th day after I had broken the chills and I had not taken any quinine after the seventh day as I was warned by my friend at the Missouri River, so I took a big dose of quinine and resolved that I would not let the seventh, the fourteenth, or the twenty-first day pass without dosing myself with quinine; the fact is I thought the 7th, 14th and 21st day was a fad, so from this on I looked upon it as sure as fate.

May 28th. We got away from camp in good season; our road is over high, sandy ridges, making travel very bad; weather rather cool with frost at night; the plains are covered with buffalo; some of our party killed one or two, cut off some choice pieces, and brought them

² They first met this man while passing through Iowa.

into camp. We are all very tired, both man and horse. We travel 24 miles and camp.

May 29th. We get an early start, our road is better, though sandy and brings us towards the river; the day is very warm, and very little wind; we reached the Platte River about 4 p. m., after a travel of 27 miles and went into camp and soon thereafter a drove of buffalo come charging towards the river; they come on like an avalanche with noise like thunder and with their rolling motion and in compact form, thousands in number, irresistible in their force, they dashed through the river without a halt in their motion and up the bank on our side of the river they passed through a camp not far from us, stampeding the horses and doing other damage; the horses that stampeded became perfectly crazed and ran as far as the eye could see them; this means that that camp must be delayed several days to gather up their animals. We have heavy white frost tonight which reminds us that we are approaching the mountains.

May 30th. We got an early start and soon come in sight of Castle Rock which in the distance resembles an ancient fortified castle in decay such as we read about. After a travel of some 28 miles we camp; grass very poor; no wood; use chips for cooking.

May 31st. This was a hard day for our team, no grass on the way; the road leads over cobble hills, and we were compelled to drive some 36 miles before we find grass upon which to make camp. Here we have a fine view of Chimney Rock, some 40 miles distant, and looks from here, some like Trinity Church steeple in New York City. Our camp is at what is called Castle Ruins. It resembles much the ruins of some ancient town. You can imagine towers, forts, dilapidated buildings—yet it is all the work of Nature.

June 1st. The roads are heavy and sandy and we find that we are out-traveling the teams on the opposite side of the river, but still we see too that there are many teams ahead of us; we passed the Lone Tree today and after a hard days travel of about 30 miles we make camp; have good grass and water. Here we have a discussion as to our future traveling. My brother-in-law has taken it into his head that after we arrive at Fort Laramie where the three roads come together there will be so many teams on the road that there will not be feed for all and great suffering must be the lot of all, and he conceived the notion that we must make a go-cart of our wagons and press on at the rate of not less than 30 miles a day. I exhausted my logic in an argument with him; I showed him that we had been traveling at a fearful rate up to this time; that our horses could go no faster or further than they had been doing and that it would be folly to try the impossible.

He finally allowed me to persuade him that we were doing the best we could and upon the whole we would plod along as we were and make no changes. Here let me say that if there is any crotchets in the make-up of a man or any evil or meanness in his disposition it is sure to show itself when he gets discouraged, disheartened, worried, and worn out on so long and tedious a journey.

June 2d. Here we had plenty of grass and water; it was Sunday and the most of our little train wanted to stay in camp this day and recruit. We took vote upon it and the decision was to stay and we ought to have done so, but my brother-in-law would not have it so, so we started out alone on our own hook; the road was lined with teams so we were not alone but we had left our traveling companions. We drove 10 miles and nooned at Chimney Rock. The rock is said to be 200 feet high and the chimney itself 100 feet high. In the afternoon we drove 9 miles and were driven to camp by a heavy shower of rain, making 19 miles our day's travel.

June 3d. We get an early start and miles brings us to Scotts Bluffs said to be 400 feet high, resembling a three square Fort with three turrets; the roads were good but we had heavy rains accompanied with cold north winds. After traveling some 36 miles we made camp; good grass and water and buffalo chips for fuel.

June 4th. We make an early start for the ford of the North Fork of the Platte and the Fort is one half mile beyond it. After a travel of some 30 miles we reached the the ford and camped at the ferry. The water in the river here was nine feet deep.

June 5th. We found it impossible to ford the river, it being nine feet deep with a 10 knot current, so we paid \$2.00 to ferry our horses and wagon over. Safely over, we again meet with our old friend Mr. Denny from Waukesha, and we start on together. We passed by the fort and mailed a couple of letters. The fort is situate at the junction of the North Fork of the Platte and Laramie rivers. There is about a dozen houses occupied mostly by trappers and army officers. About one mile from the fort we began to ascend the Black Hills. After travelling 19 miles through a most beautiful and romantic country we made camp for the night; little grass, good water, and buffalo chips for fuel. While in camp we had a good visit with our old friend Denny. He had no extra old iron in his wagon at this time. He looked well and was not much reduced in avoirdupois.

June 6th. Our road today was very hilly and sandy with many steep places to ascend and descend. After a travel of 26 miles we camp at Hebber Springs where we found wood and water in plenty, but grass short.

June 7th. Our road today took us over a succession of very high hills some of them very sandy; the day is very warm with snow in sight on some of the highest mountains. We stopped for noon at La Bont River; very little grass, but a good shade under the grove of trees on the bank of the river. We rested here for some two hours, and started on our way; the roads were sandy in places and rocky in others. The whole country looks as though the ground had been burned over. After a travel of 29 miles we camped; the grass was scarce; we cooked supper with willow brush and dug wells for water; we were all very tired and needed rest.

June 8th. This day we crossed several creeks and small rivers; after a travel of some 20 miles we got out of the black hills and our road leads up the North fork of the Platte River, and five miles further we reach Deer Creek and camped for noon. Here we caught a fine mess of trout which we relished hugely. We hitch up and travel some ten miles further and went into camp after having traveled 35 miles for the day. We find plenty of wood and water but grass short. We attribute the shortness of grass to the fact that there are many teams ahead of us. We had quite a shower of rain during the night. Denny's team did not come up so we camped alone.

June 9th. Sunday. We got an early start and came upon a ford but after several efforts to ford we drove some 21 miles further to the ferry; here we paid \$5.00 to ferry our horses and wagon; after crossing we drove some 10 miles and camped at 6 p. m. Here we again find ourselves on the North side of the Platte River. Wood and grass scarce; the weather cold with snow within eight miles.

June 10th. Here our guide-book informed us was a stretch of 25 miles without water fit to drink for man or beast. We relied on the Mormon guide-book³ for description of the road and distances travelled, so after filling our water can for our horses and our canteens for ourselves, we started on our way; the road was quite hilly and rocky; the whole country seemed to be covered in places with saleratus; with small alkali lakes and bitter springs, but no water fit to drink. We passed seven oxen dead by the side of the road caused by drinking water from these lakes or springs. After a travel of 30 miles we made camp,—our guide-book says in the Rocky Mountains.

June 11th. We make an early start and sixteen and a half miles brought us to Saleratus Lake where we camp for noon, and supply ourselves with saleratus. About 300 yards west of this lake in a little

³ This was probably Clayton's *Latter-Day Saints' Emigrants' Guide*, published in St. Louis in 1848, as that guide was usually referred to by emigrants as "the Mormon guide-book." It only showed the route to Salt Lake.

creek of pure water we discovered gold in the sands in very fine particles. We tested some by washing and to all appearance it was pure gold. I have no doubt but in time there will be gold discovered here in large quantities. (NOTE. The above supposed discovery of gold I remember well, but since then I know that the supposed gold was only mica.) Four miles further travel brought us to Sweet Water River, and Independence Rock which is 600 yards long and 200 high. We forded the Sweet Water and 5 miles further brought us to the Devil's Gate. This might be called one of the seven wonders of the world; the Sweet Water has cut its way through solid rock over 400 feet high. We drove today 33 miles and camped in the beautiful valley of the Sweet Water which is completely hemmed in by mountains whose snow white tops sparkle in the rays of the setting sun. No wood, but very good grass.

June 12th. We get an early start. The roads are very bad, sandy and heavy; really the worst roads that we have encountered this side of Iowa. We traveled some 30 miles today and camped in sight of the highest range of the Rocky Mountains.

June 13th. We make an early start and cross the Sweet Water River twice. The river being pretty high our provisions got more or less wet. We then begin to ascend high mountains; the ascent is gradual but rocky. We climb over ledges of rock some four feet high; this is rather hard on our wagons; the weather is very cold and we moved fast to keep warm; this has been the hardest day's work for our horses, and at the end of it we find we have made a travel of 33 miles. We camp here; very poor feed but wood and water good. The night is bitter cold; overcoats and gloves are quite comfortable. It is wonderful how well our horses keep up.

June 14th. One mile from our morning camp we come to the snow line; here we devoted a few minutes to snowballing. In our travel we passed over snow some six feet deep, and again forded the Sweet Water for the seventh and last time. At three o'clock we arrive at and pass over the famous South Pass of the Rocky Mountains. Three miles further we arrive at the Pacific Springs, said to be the head waters of the Colorado River, where we camp after having driven some 26 miles. While going through the Pass it snowed, hailed and rained, wetting us to the skin, and we passed a cold and unpleasant night.

June 15th. Our road today gradually descended and led us along the base of the Wind River chain of mountains, whose snow tops reached far above the clouds. Sixteen miles from our morning camp we came to the junction of the California and Salt Lake Roads. We conclude to take the Salt Lake road which is a little longer of the

two but we hope to find better grass as the most of the travel is on the direct California road and there are hundreds if not thousands of teams ahead of us and the Lord only knows how many thousand teams there are on the roads behind us. Nine miles further brought us to the Little Sandy River where we camped after a travel of 25 miles. A very cold day; no wood, good grass and water.

June 16th. Sunday. Leave camp at 7 A. M. and by 12 M. we have crossed a 17 mile stretch without water, when we come to the Big Sandy River, which is about fifty yards wide with quicksand bottom. We forded this river and drove eight miles further and again came to the river, but there being no grass here we drove on some ten miles further to Green—or Colorado River—the river here is quite wide very deep and swift and cannot be forded. The Mormons have a very good ferry here, and the labor hands all appeared to be half breed Indians. I think they were French half breeds, probably French trappers. When we arrived at the ferry there was at least 400 teams waiting their turn to be ferried across. The charges for crossing are \$9.00 for four horses and wagon. We had traveled some 35 miles this day and here came upon this beautiful river with all these teams ahead of us and having to wait our turn to cross we drove a little way from the ferry and found some grass. I also find that I had been taken with what is called the mountain fever, a malady that is raging here among the emigrants; in one tent close by us there are seven out of ten sick with this fever. The disease is not dangerous but very distressing; the traveler is suddenly taken with violent pains in the head, which is shortly followed by a raging fever, and in many cases they rave like mad men. It is said to be caused by a sudden change of air in ascending and descending to and from the South Pass.

June 17th. Today my fever being no better and being sick and tired, with horses well worn out, with grass, wood and water a plenty, we lay in camp. The location is pleasant and attractive, in fact, the Green River is the only pleasant locality we have seen since leaving the main Platte River. The banks of the river are well wooded with cottonwood and other trees which all have a green and refreshing appearance to the traveler after journeying over so many miles of desert waste. The fact is the whole country this side of Scotts Bluffs on the Platte River, a distance of some 400 miles, is not, and cannot be worth one cent an acre; there is nothing to greet the eye of the traveler but wild sage, prickley pear, alkali and sand, with now and then along the banks of the rivers small patches of sickly looking grass. I am now more than ever in favor of Whitney's plan for a railroad to the Pacific. If the Government should give all the land west of the Missouri River, the Government would make by it in the end.

June 18th. This morning feeling some better, we hitch up and drive to the ferry; get there at 6 A. M. and waited until 12 M. for our turn to cross. After being safely over, we hitched up and drove 25 miles to Hams Fork of Green River; the river fine and pleasant. We find the water too deep to ford, so we ferry our wagon and provisions over and swim our horses. We drive one half mile further and find good grass and camp. Near our camp are several lodges of Snake Indians.

June 19th. We made a late start having waited for our horses to fill up on the good grass. The road today was sandy and the country barren with here and there a little bunch grass. The only thing of interest today is the Bluff near which the road runs. The imagination of the traveler can coin them into many shapes; some resemble towers, turrets, others walls of a city with watch towers at regular distances. About 15 miles from our morning camp we leave the Mormon Trail, and take a road to cut off the crossing of the river some three times. We neglected to fill our canteens, and suffered very much for want of water. After a travel of some 36 miles we arrived at Fort Bridger. The fort is pleasantly situated in a pretty valley with a pretty river running through the grounds. Here we have plenty of wood, water and grass.

June 20th. From Fort Bridger we commenced to ascend the mountains; the road is good but very hilly with many steep places to descend, which are very dangerous to wagons. We find very good grass through these mountains. (Bear River Range.) There are many springs of cool water with here and there groves of poplar trees. The road in places runs through deep ravines almost shut out from the sun by the high perpendicular mountains on either side. We find it far more pleasant traveling here than over barren, sandy plains. We travel 32 miles today and camp on Sulphur Creek. Plenty of good grass but no wood.

June 21st. A drive of one mile and three-quarters brings us to the ford of Bear River which at this place is some 150 feet wide, and about five feet deep. We plunge in and find the water deeper than we supposed, but we come out on the other side all right; our provisions, however, get well soaked. This morning George and myself were riding on horseback on a by-road, being a horse or foot trail and supposed to be a cut-off from the main road, when we came upon a band of about fifty Snake Indians; they were coming towards us on the trail; we were then about three miles from our wagons and we did not feel entirely safe.

We put on a good face and rode up to them without apparent fear

and saluted them with "Ho Nichey"; they answered our salutation with "Good, How, So, So"; we felt relieved when we were well out of sight of them, however. Our trail in the afternoon led us through several cañons with high mountains of red sandstone on either side, following up the river for 21 miles to the main road where we come to Webber River, a stream about 100 feet wide and about six feet deep, and find that we were still behind our team and one of our horses being somewhat lame we made rather slow progress of it. Night came upon us and we were unable to find our wagon; we hunted for our wagon until 10 P. M. without avail; we then lay down supperless to sleep with the bare ground for our bed and the canopy of Heaven for our covering.

I will here mention that we had a man by the name of Tom Burns, who was an old friend in former times of Wm. Wright, brother of my brother-in-law Geo. Wright, who had traveled with us; he drove our teams this day and I could not help the thought coming in my mind that sleepless night that Tom might possibly have undertaken to steal our wagon and outfit and leave us on the road with a lame horse and without provisions. I did not like the man, he was rough and coarse and of a disagreeable disposition; he had two horses of his own and we were riding his horses and he was driving our team and wagon.

June 22d. We were up and on the road to the crossing of the Webber as soon as we could see, and without breakfast we pushed forward and found our wagon and Tom waiting his turn to cross at the ferry, and noted that he had traveled 37 and one half miles yesterday; this fact went to confirm my last night's suspicions. We paid \$3.00 to be ferried over the river and drove on over a rough road and up a creek which we have to cross a number of times, and at the end of a 20 mile drive we camp with plenty of grass, water and wood.

June 23d. Sunday. Start early, following up the cañon some eight miles where the road turns to the right and began to ascend (so the guide-book says) the highest mountain on the road to Salt Lake. The road up the mountain is very steep and rocky; it seemed almost impossible to get our wagon up without upsetting; at last we gain the summit and have a view of the Southern portion of Salt Lake Valley. Here the view of so great and grand a valley brings joy and peace to the heart and mind of the travel worn emigrant. After the rough and tiresome journey of so many miles he feels as though he has at last come to a haven of rest. Pushing on ten miles further over a rough and rugged road, we arrive at the City of the Great Salt Lake where we camp for the night, but have no grass.

June 24th. We are now at the great city of the Mormons. Hundreds of California emigrants are now camped here and in consequence

grass is very short. So we drove about a mile and a half from the city to get feed for our animals. While here we spent most of our time in the city. For a city so comparatively new it has a pleasant appearance; three years ago the Mormons, driven from Nauvoo, came here to build a city, and from the appearance of their plans so far, it promises to develop into a beautiful city. Each house has an acre and a quarter attached to it; the streets are wide and a stream of pure mountain water goes rippling along on each side of the streets. The crops look well and almost ready to harvest, forming a strange contrast to the snow capped mountains that surround the valley. The Mormons tell us that the city has a population of 10,000 and the valley some 18,000.

June 25th. We remain in camp giving our horses a chance to rest and also plan for our future journey. There are no provisions to be had here; many of the teams planned to lay in supplies at this point but they will have to rely on their rifles for the most part from this time on. Flour can be had in small quantities at \$1.00 per lb., but the emigrants cannot pay this price. Cheese and butter can be had at thirty cents per lb.; eggs cannot be had at any price; they are all wanted for setting purposes. While here I saw one half grown pig; she was staked out on the grass; there may have been more of her kind here, but I did not see any others. We have made up our minds to go from here on, on horseback, and my brother-in-law so informed our traveling companion, Mr. Tom Burns, adding that he and I would take our two horses and travel together, that he, having two horses, could out-travel us, and that we for reasons of our own, preferred to travel by ourselves. We had made some acquaintances among the Mormon people while here, especially with one family. They were Americans and seemed quite intelligent; they owned one of the best houses in the city; the family consisted of the father, mother and one grown daughter; the father was a man about fifty, fine looking, and I think was of some consequence in the church; the girl was handsome, bright, and well-educated. We arranged with this family to cook our flour into hard biscuit so that it would keep and carry well. We have sold our wagon for \$20.00 and two pack saddles, and are busy arranging for our journey; quite a number of the Mormons appear to be foreigners, some English, some Welch, some Germans and some Swedes, etc., but there were many Americans among the Mormons.

June 26th. We are still at work on our outfitting; I spent some time with the family of our friends who are transforming our flour into crackers, that is, I had a long and interesting chat with the girl on the subject of Mormonism. We did not mince matters and talked straight on the matter of polygamy. She assured me that polygamy was all

right when properly understood. She believed in it and assured me that when I understood I would find no objections to it, etc. She was a good talker, a bright, handsome, intelligent girl.

June 27th. This is our last day in Salt Lake City; we have everything in readiness except our bread is not quite ready, so in the afternoon I went up to our Mormon friends to get the biscuit and to bid them goodbye. The old gentleman had seemingly taken quite a fancy to me and assured me that I would return to Salt Lake City; that I could not continue to live under the United States Government; that the oppression was too great; that I would be compelled to leave the country or be driven out as he had been; he urged me when I did leave the United States country, to come direct to him and make my home with them. The old gentleman seemed to be in dead earnest to have me return. I bid them farewell and almost wished I could stay longer. At 4 P. M. we bid a farewell to the City of the Saints, and started on our journey to the land of gold. We each carried about forty pounds of provisions. As for clothes, we did not have much of any. We passed many hot springs on our way; some they say would boil an egg in five minutes; as we did not have any eggs, we took it for granted that it was so. After traveling some eight miles we came to Willow Springs and camped.

June 28th. Our road today takes us through a splendid farming country; the road in places was very sandy, but as we were on horseback and had no wagon to haul, it made our travel easy. Twenty-eight miles brought us to the crossing of Webber River. We paid fifty cents for ferrying our baggage and swam our horses, then traveled four miles further where we found good grass and we camped after a 32 mile travel for the day. Here we find the last house on our road from Salt Lake City; the house was made of hewed logs and nicely situated; the owner and occupant was an old army officer turned Mormon and as we learned had two wives living with him; he had lots of stock of all kinds including children; the two wives seemed to be happy and cheerful. The man of the house, the Colonel, as the family called him, was about fifty years old and very genial, abounding with stories and delighted to tell them. The two wives were much younger and apparently liked their position of joint wifehood. They were very much occupied in furnishing meals to such of the emigrants as could pay fifty cents a meal for them; the meals were very good. We ate supper and I spent the evening talking with the Colonel. He gave me his personal experience with a case of the piles from which he had been quite a sufferer while in the army and on the frontier; his description and antics while telling the story was quite amusing, and while the women folks did not

hear all he said to me they evidently were familiar with the story for they enjoyed the laugh more than I did when the Colonel pranced about the room in illustration of his performance after applying his remedy; I assured him that I had heard of the antics of a dog when a like application had been administered, and that I could comprehend what emotions a human would have after such an application. Recognizing the severity of his prescription I nevertheless determined I would try it for I could not suffer much worse than I had for the last few days, so he requested one of his women folks to put me up a little turpentine; I then bade them good night, went to my camp, and before going to bed I made the first application, and it was some time before I went to sleep that night, but with the assurance of the Colonel that it was a sure cure I managed to have a fairly good sleep.

June 29th. I got up this morning and really felt better than I had for the past few days and so stated to the Colonel when we went over to the house for our morning meal. After eating a good, hearty meal with plenty of milk, hot cakes and butter, and a good strong cup of coffee with cream, we bid the Colonel and his household goodbye, mounted our horses and started on our journey. We cross the Ogden River a swift running stream about 100 feet wide and two and one half feet deep. We pass by another boiling spring and nooned on Bat Elder Creek. This was a very hot day and after a travel of 32 miles we camp for the night on the banks of the Great Salt Lake; the shore of the lake is covered with salt.

June 30th. We get a fairly early start and after a travel of 14 miles we come to Bear River. The river is wide and deep with steep banks so we have to ferry our horses and packs but find the mosquitoes so thick and numerous on the west side we concluded to ride on until we come to other water. This was a mistake for we kept going until dark without coming to any water for ourselves or our horses; then we came to what the guide book said was Cold Springs; we had traveled some 22 miles from Bear River, and when we came to examine the Springs we found them to be all hot Springs; this water our horses drank, but we could not drink it. It seemed to make us sick at the stomach, so after our travel of some 36 miles through a scorching hot day, we went to bed thirsty and sick.

July 1st. This morning we are up and off at daylight; after a travel of twelve miles we arrive at a small creek of good water. We stop and refresh ourselves and horses. While I ride along in much pain I feel I am better of my ailment; after a stay of about one hour we again press forward for six miles further and stop for noon on Deep Creek; thence six miles further brings us to the sink of the Creek; the

creek sinks in the sand; the road now leads us over a sand plain; the day is very warm, nine miles brings us to Pilot Springs where we camp; grass is poor, but water good. We have traveled 33 miles over a very dusty road. I am gradually improving and think I will get along now all right.

July 2. This morning we are off at 5 A. M. and ride along the bench of a mountain some fourteen miles and nooned under the shade of some cedar trees; we enjoy the welcome shade of the trees as the travel on the road is both dusty and hot. After noon we drive on some nineteen miles and camp in a small valley completely surrounded by mountains; good grass, muddy water, and sage brush for fuel. During the day we fell in with a small party of eight who like ourselves had discarded their wagons and were traveling on horseback. We travel 33 miles today.

July 3d. Some ten miles from camp we strike the Fort Hall road; here are the noted Steeple Rocks, and the road runs between them with just enough room for a wagon to pass between them. The road today was very mountainous and rocky making it very tedious traveling. We traveled 32 miles today and camped on Goose Creek. We are now in Oregon.

July 4th, 1850. We were up at daybreak and after firing a salute in honor of the day, we pack up and start on our journey. We follow up the creek some 8 miles then pass through a canyon of the mountains, thence over some hills and come into the Thousand Springs Valley. Here we came up with a string of teams that reach down the valley as far as we could see; here and there we would pass a wagon with "Old Glory" floating on the breeze; drove down the valley some 17 miles and camped on very poor grass; one of our party having shot an antelope, we had a grand feast. We spent the evening in speech making, singing and telling stories; the main theme of the speech making was, Why are you going to California? and the varied reasons given was quite amusing as related. My brother-in-law, aside from being musical, was a jolly fellow and full of fun and burlesque, so he made a great parade as though he had something to say and wanted every one to hear him; he mounted the rostrum, i. e., the double trees on the front of a large wagon, and waited until the whole crowd—some 200—had gathered around him with great expectation on their faces; then he commenced and gave a pantomime of a speech, putting in all the gestures and making all kinds of faces and contortion of body that could be assumed by an extravagant Fourth of July orator, without uttering a word. For the first three minutes of his efforts the crowd looked on with wonder, then they comprehended and such shouting and

laughter went up that it could be heard by every camp within a half mile. This wound up the speech making and all hands went to their tents laughing. Thus the day ended with us after we had traveled 40 miles for the day.

July 5th. We all turn out this morning feeling fine, and after a hearty breakfast of antelope we mount our horses and take to the road. After riding about 8 miles I was taken violently ill with vomiting. I rode along some distance vomiting on one side of my horse and then on the other, until I became so weak that I had to dismount and lie down beside the road. George being some half mile ahead heard of my plight and came back to me. When I again mounted my horse I again commenced to vomit; after trying this several times with the same result, George asked a covered team passing, to take me on their wagon to next water; to our surprise they refused; he asked each team as they passed and met with the same reply; these were all big mule teams from Tennessee. The next team passing was a two-horse team from Galena; they drove to one side of the road, took me on and hoisted their covering to shield me from the broiling hot sun and made me comfortable. I asked the driver of this team if he could assign any reason why those finely equipped teams with negro drivers should refuse to take a sick man on to the next water. He said he could not unless it might be that the cholera was reported to be on the road behind us; this then I assumed was the reason for their inhuman treatment. We had not heard any such rumor nor was there any occasion for it. I rode very comfortably in this wagon for about 4 miles when we came to a spring and camped. The valley is almost destitute of grass. We remain here some four hours and find that I am all right again so we mount and drive on some six miles further and camp for the night near a spring. The grass here is very poor although the valley contains many natural wells or springs from two to twelve feet deep. Last night and this morning I had eaten too heartily of that antelope which I suppose was the cause of my being sick. We traveled in all 22 miles today.

July 6th. As we are now approaching the desert and as our horses are getting pretty well travel-worn, we conclude to make shorter drives; our road is over a very hilly and barren country. We travel 25 miles today.

July 7th. Sunday. We ride 14 miles and come to the head of the long-looked-for Humboldt or Mary's River. The road strikes the river at its head where the water lies in pools or sloughs and apparently sinks and again rises further on and gradually becomes wider, deeper and swifter. Today we passed a new made grave with this inscription on a

rude headboard, "In Memory of Samuel Oliver of Waukesha, Wisconsin, who was killed by an arrow shot from a party of Indians, July 5th, 1850, while standing guard at night." We rode 25 miles today and camp on the river.

July 8th. This morning we leave the river and pass over some sandy bluffs; after traveling some 12 miles we again come to the river and stop to feed our horses; the river here is high and its bottom miry so we cannot take our horses on the banks but have to cut the hay and bring it to them. The Indians are bad along here and have been committing all kinds of depredations; on the night of the 4th they stole twenty-one horses, shot one mule and stripped one man naked within one mile of where we are now camped. We picketed our horses and lay down beside them. We have traveled 27 miles this day.

July 9th. Our road this morning takes us along the bank of the river for ten miles, then we stop and feed our horses and take a nooning for three hours; after nooning we again leave the river and pass over the highest and steepest mountains we have yet met with. After traveling 15 miles further we again come to the river and camp for the night. The road today has been very dusty owing to the many teams; in some places along our journey the teams were two abreast and the dust would rise in clouds, almost suffocating both man and beast.

July 10th. This morning the road again leaves the river and passing over a mountain comes down to the river again, all within 22 miles; here we stop two hours for noon; after this we ride on again some 10 miles over a road from four to ten inches deep with dust. The road and country is much the same as we have passed through for the last 200 miles, that is, it is barren with no vegetation but wild sage and a similar shrub called grease wood.

July 11th. Our line of travel today was over a low saleratus plain which is very bad for horses as well as ourselves; on account of the heavy dust which rolls up in clouds, in fact it is said to kill many horses. We travel 25 miles today and camp; little or no grass fit for horses; the water is impregnated with alkali; this looks bad for horses that are soon to take us across the desert.

July 12th. This morning we start out at daylight in hopes of finding some feed for our horses; they are failing for want of feed. We drive some five miles and find some sickly looking grass and stop some three hours and get some breakfast after which we start on, our horses almost as hungry as ever. After traveling some eleven miles over a white sandy plain through the hot, broiling sun, we arrive at the river where we stop and by making a bridge over a slough are able to get our horses on the bank of the river where they have very good grass; having made 16 miles for the day we camp for the night.

July 13th. At 6 A. M. we started on the road again and traveled over a plain almost destitute of vegetation; the wild sage is scarce. A drive of some 14 miles brings us again to the river, but there is no grass and the water is brackish; we are in hard lines. It is the opinion of many of the emigrants that the sink of the river is but a few miles from this place; accordingly we drive some six miles off of the road in search of some grass for our horses; here we find a patch of wild clover which we cut and make into hay to feed on the desert. We have traveled 20 miles today so we camp and let our horses eat and rest.

July 14th. Sunday. We lie in camp today and while our horses rest we make hay for crossing the desert. Our poor beasts are leg weary and worn. We figure that we have made the best time so far of any we have met upon the road. At sundown we pack up and drive 15 miles over a country very similar to that heretofore described, and finding no sink we camp for the rest of the night, making our travel 15 miles for the day.

July 15th. At 7 A. M. we are up and started on our way, expecting to find the starting point to cross the desert in a few miles. We traveled on some 22 miles, and gave up the idea of finding the desert. Our guide-book from Salt Lake we find is not worth much as a guide-book for we cannot tell anything about our location from it. We will keep on and when we come to the desert no doubt we will know it. Tonight we have to wade up to our waist to cut rushes for feed for our horses; country barren as usual. We are pretty blue tonight for our provisions are about out; in anticipation of this we have been following up an ox team that we learn has one odd ox, the mate having given out and died; we think we may be able to buy this ox when we overtake that ox team; in the mean time one of our party has a horse that is about given out and we are herding him along in case we have to resort to horse meat. Tonight we eat the last of our provisions. We are not alone in our trouble in this respect; there are thousands that have been running out of grub for the past week. I never saw such hungry men; many talk seriously of killing their horses and eating them, and run the risk of getting through on foot. For the last few days we have adopted a plan to get feed for our horses; it is this; while we are nooning and our horses are picking up the scant feed and resting, we go a mile or two from the road where we find here and there a bunch of what is called bunch grass; this we gather in quite a little armful and return to camp; this we do regularly while others of our party throw a blanket over a sage brush to keep off the scorching hot sun and lying down under it, sleep or play cards. When we start on the road we mount our ponies (we have only one each) with this armful

of bunch grass which we feed to them as we ride along, reaching down a handful at a time, and when they have eaten that they look up for more until it is all gone. While other horses look starved our ponies are in pretty fair condition; in fact my pony is in good condition, but they are both leg-weary. 22 miles for this day.

July 16th, 1850. We pack up and start at midnight and at sunrise find we have traveled ten miles and then rest on a very barren spot; almost no feed at all; however, we wander from the road and our horses and cut or pull an armful each of bunch grass for them. After a rest of two hours we saddle up and start on. We carry this grass under our arms and as we ride along we feed it to our horses, a handful at a time. It is wonderful how intelligently the horse reaches his head up for his mouthful of this grass as he travels along. This manner of helping our horses to feed has kept them in fairly good condition and in good heart while the travel keeps them weary. We travel some twenty miles further over the most God-forsaken country I ever saw. This afternoon we met a party of packers on their return from the mines; they informed us that we were still over 100 miles from the desert; their news from the mines was not very encouraging; they say many teams are ahead of us, but report that provisions are plenty. This news is enough to make a party of hungry men spur on. We camp on the bank of the river and all go to catching what we term ground rats; they are little mouse colored animals that live in the ground, not quite as large as a small rat, long in body, and having a flat tail, but not bushy like the squirrel. We caught enough of these little animals to make a good meal for our supper and had some left over for breakfast. This little creature we find makes very good eating when dressed and roasted; we relish them as something very fine and palatable especially so as we had fasted for about twenty-four hours. We traveled thirty miles today.

July 17th. This morning we start out with our horses and ourselves on somewhat of an equal footing as to grub, as they are without food and hungry, and so are we. Four of our party go up in the mountains in hopes of finding some game but it ended in hopes only as they did not see any. We drive on about fifteen miles and swim our horses over the river where they find a little grass at the risk of their lives for many horses get mired down, and being too weak to help themselves they lie down there and starve to death. During the afternoon we succeed in buying an ox; the poor thing was about given out and certainly could not have had strength to cross the desert, but that did not matter, we must have food, so we chipped in and paid \$65.00 for the ox which we slaughtered and cut in thin strips and dried over a slow fire made of willows. Our travel for this day is fifteen miles.

July 18th. We lay in camp until four o'clock in the afternoon, drying beef, then we saddle up, start out and travel some 22 miles and camp, it being in the night; we found our camp ground a barren waste as to feed; this day we traveled 22 miles.

July 19th. We were up and off by daylight, drove two miles and came to the river; here we stop and ourselves swim the river and by going some two miles up in the mountains we find a little coarse grass; this we cut and pack on our backs to camp and feed our horses. It does seem wonderful how animals can live and endure on such feed. After resting here about five hours we travel down the river some six miles and find some willows; here we let our horses browse some two hours, when we start on again for our horses must have grass or they can never cross the desert, so we continue for some fourteen miles when we camp. Our horses are much worn and tired but in better heart and condition than others in our party; this is owing to our personal efforts and care of them. Our case has been a hard one for the last 250 miles all along the road for that distance is lined with the carcasses of dead horses and cattle; the stench from them as we pass along is horrid and sickening. It is estimated that fully three-fourths of the emigration is behind us and must pass over this same road; what may be their suffering the Lord only can know. We have traveled twenty-two miles this day.

July 20th. At 7 A. M. we are up and off again; after a drive of four miles we come to a creek or slough mentioned in L. S. Merrill's journal.⁴ We now no longer doubt our locality; a drive of three miles brings us to the river which now looks more like a stagnant pond of alkali water than it does like a river; this is good evidence that we are now nearing the sink of St. Mary's or Humboldt river. Three miles further and to our joy we arrive at a good grazing place where we camp, having made only ten miles today.

July 21st. Sunday. We lay in camp today to recruit our horses and to cut hay for crossing the desert. We have to wade up to our middle a distance of one mile and carry wet grass on our backs to our camp. There is now encamped at this place about 800 teams and there is grass here for about three times as many more teams. The river is spread out in a vast lake and contains a great deal of very good grass on its borders.

July 22d. We remained in camp until 4 P. M. when we pack our hay on our horses and start for the sink or starting point to cross the desert. Five miles from camp we strike the desert line for there we

⁴ This notice brings to light probably for the first time some journal of an overland expedition published in 1849 or early 1850.

come upon nothing but a great sandy waste with nothing in the line of vegetation growing upon it; here the river begins to lose itself in a vast field of barren sand; the river, or rather the water, is spread out in great sloughs. We continue on our way for twenty miles and here we come to the last slough which lies between two small hills. From this point the road leads across the 45 miles of desert country; of course there was no feed for animals here, the ground being perfectly bare of vegetation. We had prepared for this, however, and had made a lot of hay which we loaded on our horses and had walked beside them all day to this our starting point where we now camped after a travel of 25 miles. We fed this hay to our horses, that is so much of it as they could eat during the night. We are now about to bid goodby to the Humboldt River and it is a glad goodby for we have seen and endured more suffering for the want of feed and water while traveling along its desolate sandy course than we had encountered during all the other part of our long journey. Many of the numerous emigrants like ourselves are suffering for the want of provisions; some of them are entirely out of food and we know how to sympathize with them.

July 23d. We lay in camp feeding our horses on the hay we had provided; we also rubbed them down, especially their legs. I had with me a pair of long top leather boots; these I filled with hay just as full as I could stuff them. We made some strong coffee and filled our canteens with it; this took all the coffee we had and the only remaining food we had left for our meal before starting, was one pint each of Pinola flour. At 2 P. M., all being in readiness we saddled up and adjusting my boots, filled with hay, across my saddle, one boot on each side, I rode my horse out into the slough of water and with my tin cup filled each boot full of water; this done, I drove to shore and we two—my brother-in-law and myself—riding side by side, started on the road across the much-dreaded desert waste of 45 miles without water and entirely destitute of vegetation. Our horses though weary as they must have been, yet were in comparatively good condition for the journey. We let them take their own gait and did not urge them; we favored them by walking much of the way by their side. All the day long and for days before, there had been a constant string of wagons with horses, mules, and oxen, and men on horseback and on foot, some ahead and many behind us. The way appeared to be one straight road with travelers as far as one could see ahead and others coming as far behind as the eye could reach. The road is mostly a coarse white sand in which man or beast will sink up to the ankle. As the sun set in the west, relieving us from its scorching rays, the moon in its full arose in the east to light our pathway across this desolation. We continued on

without a stop until 10 P. M.; for the past few miles we had noticed quite a number of abandoned wagons and some animals; coming to one of these fine large covered wagons which had been thus abandoned, with a good, tight feed box on behind, we made this our camp and found the feed box convenient to feed our horses with the hay we had stored in my boots; the feed box being water tight, we lost none of the precious water that we had carried in store for this occasion. We partake of our coffee and "Pinola" (Parched cornmeal mixed with sugar), feed our horses and rest for two hours. While we remained here the moon shone so bright that we could and did read a portion of print from a newspaper. I mention this because I had never before seen the moonlight so transparent; it was caused I presume from the whiteness of the desert sands and the heated atmosphere. Also while here at rest, many men on foot stopped on their road and begged for water which we did not have to give them. Poor fellows, thus to have volunteered across this waste of sand with parched lips and weary feet. After resting for the two hours we saddled up and started on our way. I want to mention that in lifting my long boots from [the] horse I found that they must have weighed all of thirty pounds each. The rest of our way for some miles the roadside was strewn with dead animals and deserted wagons. We also passed many teams and men on horseback and many on foot. At 5 A. M., on the morning of July 24th, 1850, we arrived at what was then called Salmon Trout River (Carson River is the real name). We had arrived at the sink of the Carson. Our horses were very tired but they were in good condition. The last 15 miles of the desert was a fearful road; the sand was so very deep. Within five miles of the river we were met by men with loads of water, crying out at the top of their voices, "Here is water! Ten cents a pint." I thought then that gold diggings must be scarce when men could resort to this mode of making money. We were not over thirsty, neither man or beast, so we did not buy water at ten cents a pint, but we journeyed on until we came to the river and camped on its bank, ending that day's travel with 45 miles.

July 24th. Here we are on the banks of the river a little way above where the river sinks in what is known as the Great American Desert. The banks of the river here are quite well shaded by a grove of cottonwood; the water is clear and good. All along the bank of the river are stations—some four or five—constructed mostly of brush with cloth tents, etc. They have fresh beef in abundance which they sell at fifty cents per pound; they have also other food stuffs which come much higher. If a man has no money to pay, they will furnish him with sufficient to carry him over the mountains taking his note for the

amount; with this arrangement as to provisions a man, after reaching this point need not go hungry. We noticed at the sink of the Humboldt a place where horses that had given out were slaughtered for food by hungry men. We would advise parties who think of making this journey, not to leave the Missouri River with less than 300 pounds of provisions and fifty dollars in cash to each man. This afternoon we traded one of our horses for forty pounds of provisions, which at the prices here was equal to eighty dollars in cash. We were entirely out of provisions as well as out of cash and thought it better to make the rest of the journey with one horse than to give notes for a small amount of supplies as we will have no use for horses when we reach the mines which we expect to do in about ten days, and this forty pounds of food will be just about sufficient to make the journey. The horse we sold was my horse Kate, the one I rode and cared for throughout the journey, and she was in good condition and good heart considering all the hardships she had been through. I hated to part with her but we deemed it for the best. After disposing of our pony, we moved along up the river for five miles to a grove of cottonwood trees, where we had good grass and pure water; here we remained the balance of the day and night, thus ending the day's journey with five miles travel.

July 26th. We remained in camp today enjoying the cool breezes under the shade of the trees; the sun is very hot, but the nights are much cooler, and the moon almost as bright as day, so about 5 p. m. we saddle up our remaining pony and pile on her back all our traps and start on our way, depending on our own feet for the rest of our journey to the mines. The road is rough and stony and in places, very sandy—now on the banks of the river and then cutting its bends. We traveled along thus until midnight and camped, after making about 21 miles for the day. This traveling on foot was not hard upon us for we were used to it having walked a good deal heretofore to save our horses and to make time.

July 27th. At 4 p. m. we again take the road and before us this day is what is called the 26-mile desert, a place without water, no vegetation and more or less heavy with sand. We travel on until dark, then we stop to rest, only for three hours; then we are up and off and just before daylight we arrive again at the bank of the river; here we stop long enough for breakfast, on a spot destitute of grass. After we get something to eat and rest our horse just a little, we move on up the river some four miles where we find good grass, and here we camp for the day after a travel of 30 miles. The weather for the past three weeks has been very hot and the road very tedious, but the moon has been gracious to us; hence we have traveled much by night.

July 28th. Sunday. After breakfast we continue up the river for some three miles and finding good grazing we encamp for the day.

July 29th. After breakfast we start out on our tramp; in two miles we leave the river and pass over some very rough sandhills for about twelve miles when we again come to the river which now runs at the base of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and the scenery is most beautiful. Looking upward is seen peak after peak towering one above another. The sides of the mountains are covered with spruce, pine, hemlock, fir, and other timber; this is a new and refreshing sight to us as we had traveled some 2000 miles over a treeless waste of sand, brush and rocks. After having traveled some thirty-two miles today we camp beneath a large pine tree.

July 30th. This morning we were up and off at 6:30 A. M. The road continued along the base of the mountains as if it was seeking an outlet from this most beautiful valley—the valley of the Carson River which here spreads out and forms a most beautiful grazing country, and for the first time in many days our pony enjoys the luxury of abundant good grass. The river threads its way down the center of the valley some miles from the road which keeps to the base of the Sierra Nevada Mountains towering more than a thousand feet above our heads. Every mile or so along our road a stream of pure crystal-like water runs down across our road on its course to the river. At every one of these small streams each traveler lays himself down on his stomach full length and drinks and drinks of this life-giving nectar; there would be some twenty men lying in this position at one time, and when they would rise up to go forward others would immediately take their places. The sight of these tired and thirsty men lying down and drinking this snow-water made one feel thirsty too. At every one of these streams as we passed we would lie down and drink and drink. The valley lay before us with grass as high as a horse's back as far as one could see. To the tired bodies and weary spirits of men who had come some two thousand miles over sandy wastes and barren, alkali plains with muddy and brackish or sometimes no water at all to drink, this is a glorious paradise. This beautiful road and delicious water continued for some twenty miles from our morning camp. Along this road we came to what was called a Mormon trading post. The proprietors had everything in the food line to sell, the exchange however usually being made for horses or cattle as the travelers by this time were out of money. That many had to let their stock or a part of it go for food, was evidenced by the many head of horses and cattle grazing on the plains below the station. Here too we witnessed for the first time on our journey the burial of an emigrant. The poor fellow

had been left by his companions at this station to rest and come on when able to travel; he was left yesterday and today we helped to lay him away; the grave had already been dug and, surrounded by strangers, he was wrapped in his blanket and lowered into the earth. Opportunely a minister was found among the bystanders, and after a few words and a short prayer the grave was filled and we silently pursued our journey, each, I have no doubt, occupied with his own thoughts. After a travel of twenty miles from our morning camp the road turns sharply to the right and we now commence to ascend the mountains through a canyon; the road is very steep and very rocky. Here we pass wagons that have been all day making five miles. After making our way up this canyon about five miles we come into a small valley about a quarter of a mile wide, which contains an abundance of grass and flowers of every color. We follow up this valley five miles and camp after making a distance of thirty miles for the day. The night is cold with quite a frost.

July 31st. Proceeding up the valley about seven miles we ascend another steep mountain; this was as much as our horse was able to climb although she had but little to carry. They do get wagons up, but how, I do not know. After three miles of this climbing we reach the summit and find ourselves on the dividing ridge of the Sierra Nevadas, then descending about two miles we come to the foot of another mountain; this range we find to be the highest and steepest of the three but not so rocky. We traveled over snow that was forty feet in places; when we gained the summit we stood over one thousand feet above the snow level. Descending, we left the main road and took a cut-off or bridle path which led us along the side of the mountain. After we had traveled some twenty-two miles we camped on the bank of a small lake. Near our camp we found a bed of wild onions or rather what is called "leeks." Now we had but a small supply of provisions but fortunately we had quite a little bacon left and with that and plenty of leeks we had a glorious supper. We fried our bacon and leeks together and I must say that we had the best meal I had eaten in all my life. When you consider that this was the first time that we had eaten a vegetable since we left the states you will not be surprised to know that we ate of these luscious onions until we went to sleep. During the day we noticed about twenty men with great broad hats and queues and mostly blue clothing, with poles across their shoulders, from which hung bundles, bags, and picks, shovels, etc., traveling one behind the other on a trail near by. From information obtained we concluded these were Chinamen; this was a new feature to me; how could the Chinamen so soon learn of the gold fields of California; they were here—that was certain.

August 1st. We got up early and after stuffing ourselves with onions and bacon until we could eat no more we packed up and started on our way. Following up the trail for about three miles we lost our way among the rocks and this delayed us about two hours; finally we found it again and following it for about three miles we came once more to the main road and ascend another mountain which is short but very steep. Continuing along on the top of the mountain the road was good. Running through a valley, in eight miles we come to Leek Spring Valley where we camp for the night, having made but fourteen miles today; learning there is no grass for the next eighteen miles we think best to camp here.

August 2d. After a good rest we get an early start; our road leads along the ridge of the mountain gradually descending towards the Pacific Ocean. The country is densely timbered with pine and spruce with some oak and cottonwood. The weather today was fine, cool and pleasant. After traveling thirty miles we make camp and rest.

August 3d. This morning we were off at sunrise. As we are now nearing the active mining operations the trails are leading in various directions and are lined with people, some in wagons, some on horseback and many on foot. My brother-in-law and I got separated early in the day. He had the horse with him and I got off with some others on foot and did not meet him again until in the evening. While traveling along with others on the main road I came to a miner's log cabin; this is the first house I had seen this side of Salt Lake and it looked to me as though we had come to civilization. The house was situated on the banks of a creek and the road ran in front of it. Many people, on foot and on horseback, were passing, all in the same direction. In front of the cabin stood a large eight-mule team hitched to a well-fitted-out wagon, with three or four men belonging to it. Inside the cabin a man lay on a bunk groaning, apparently in great distress; I looked in at the door and some one asked me if I was a physician. I answered no, but went to the sick man who was a man about thirty years of age, dark complexion, about 5 ft. 10 in. and quite refined in appearance. I concluded he was the owner of the outfit. I asked him what seemed to be the matter. He replied that he did not know but his head felt as if it was splitting open. I told him I was not a physician but I thought I could relieve him of that pain in his head without the aid of medicine. He asked me how I was going to do it—if it was by magnetism. I told him, Yes, something like that; that perhaps I might fail but I thought I could give relief. He said, I do not care how you do it; I will die if I do not get help. Some three or four persons stood by while this conversation went on; I told him to look at

me and I placed my hand on his brow; then I commenced to make passes over his head at the same time talking to him of my experience in relieving persons of headache, toothache and pains of this nature. In about two minutes I could see his face relax and in about ten minutes he said, "Thank you, sir, my head is all right," and he got off the bunk, looked around and said to the onlookers, I am all right, thanks to this gentleman whose name I do not know; he then asked my name and gave me his, and said: This is not my cabin; I hauled up here and entered it because I could go no further, but if there is anything here or in my wagon that you want, take it and I will pay for it. I thanked him and assured him I wanted for nothing; bade him goodby and started down the road with others who were on foot like myself. In explanation of the above incident I will say that for some months prior to my starting on this journey I had practiced with a companion quite a little on the science of mesmerism and had become quite proficient in curing headaches, toothaches and the like, and I had great confidence in my ability in that line; hence, when I saw this man suffering I felt confident I could relieve him. George, my brother-in-law, had taken a short cut on a trail and I did not see him again until I arrived in "Hangtown" about dark, making the day's journey twenty-three miles. "Hangtown" was one of the largest, if not the largest mining town in California at that time; it got its name because of the hanging of three desperadoes at that place some three or four months before our arrival; subsequently, or perhaps at that time, the place took its proper name of Placerville. At the time we were there it consisted of one street running parallel with the creek; along this street were situated a number of gambling houses, mostly made of wood; a few were of cloth. There were a number of miner's log cabins in the vicinity, although most of the miners lived under the trees; some had tents. When George and I met it was after dark; he informed me that he got in late in the afternoon and had sold our remaining horse for forty dollars, so with our forty dollars in cash we spread our blankets under a wagon standing in the main street and so passed our first night in civilized California. When I look back and contemplate that journey from Milwaukee via Dubuque and Council Bluffs to Placerville, a distance of 2422 miles, with only one pair of horses, it seems incredible. We left Council Bluffs on the 13th day of May, 1850 and arrived in Placerville on the 3d day of August, 1850, making the journey of 1922 miles in eighty-two days, our daily average including all stops and lay-overs being $23\frac{1}{2}$ miles per day.



Philip S. Edwards

COLONEL PHILIP LEGET EDWARDS AND HIS INFLUENCE UPON EARLY IMMIGRATION TO THE FAR WEST

The name of Philip L. Edwards deserves more than passing mention in the story of the overland migration and the acquisition of the Northwest. Fate, seemingly through a series of chance and trivial events, sent Edwards to Oregon with the first American missionaries, and later it fell to his lot to be among the first to direct the stream of immigration to that distant land. The force of his messages fell where their effect was immediate and full: in Congress and among the frontier settlements of Missouri, where a restless population was ever eager to set adventurous feet upon new soil.

History turns on small happenings, and the oblivion into which the writings of P. L. Edwards have chanced to fall has obscured the interest and recognition which should attend his efforts. The careful training which Edwards, frontier schoolmaster and lawyer, gave himself resulted in his well thought out memorial to Congress and the careful advice published in his "Emigrant's Guide" of 1842. The latter has the distinction of being the first far-west emigrants' guide issued as such, and is antedated only by Farnham's "Travels" and possibly by Bidwell's "Journal" among pieces of literature published by overland explorers primarily to stimulate westward emigration. The very existence of Edwards' "Guide" has been doubted, although it had once been mentioned in print. The only copy now known has been in the possession of Edwards' granddaughter, Mrs. Mary M. Rives of Berkeley, California. In the Bancroft Library is a transcript, which it is quite evident, was always regarded by the author of the "History of Oregon" simply as a MS. letter. Mrs. Morton, who made the transcript, did not indicate that it had been printed. The pamphlet is a small octavo of twenty pages including the title which reads: *Sketch of the Oregon Territory: or, Emigrants' Guide. By P. L. Edwards, Esq. of Richmond, Mo. Liberty, Mo.: printed at the "Herald" Office. 1842.* It was probably issued without wrappers. The contents are in the form of a letter written to Dr. T. M. Bacon, of Liberty. It has been thought¹ that the Bidwell "Journal" was also issued about the same time at Liberty, but comparison of the type indicates that the Edwards "Guide" was not printed on the same press as the Bidwell. The existence of at least one press at Liberty in 1842 is a question that will of course no longer be raised. No copies of the Liberty "Herald" are

¹ Wagner, *Plains and Rockies*, p. 50.

known, but it seems likely that Dr. Bacon was its editor since it was he who requested the information with a view toward its publication.

Philip L. Edwards was born in Breckenridge County, Kentucky, on the 14th of July, 1812. He was undoubtedly christened Philip Leget, as he signed his name that way when he was twenty years of age. In one posthumous account² his middle name is spelled "Legget." It is possible that he made the change in later life. His father, Thomas Edwards, and his mother, Jane Cunningham, were Virginians, belonging to that class of nomadic pioneers who moved westward with the frontier. They located at Old Franklin in Howard County, Missouri, about 1824. The father came with his son to California in 1850 and died in Nevada County about 1867.

Philip Edwards began his career as a schoolteacher in Richmond, Ray County, Missouri, at the age of 21. During this period he contributed well written forensic articles and poems to the local newspapers, apparently under the pseudonyms "Tyro," "Juvenis" and "Lambda," as a scrap-book in the possession of Mrs. Rives now testifies. In view of later affairs in Oregon, it is interesting to see that part of his efforts were devoted to the subject of temperance. His health broke down during the second year of his teaching. Purely by accident he happened to meet the Methodist missionaries, Jason and Daniel Lee, who on April 24 were tarrying at Liberty to obtain additional members for their party.³ Jason Lee satisfied himself after a conversation with Edwards "that he will do well to teach the Indians," and employed him. Courtney M. Walker of Liberty was engaged at the same time to assist in the establishment of the proposed mission. Walker became business agent for the missionaries and later married an Indian woman and settled permanently in the county. Cyrus M. Shepard of Lynn, Massachusetts, was the only other layman attached to the missionary party.

The day after Edwards was chosen Lee's party proceeded to Independence, where by prearrangement they met Wyeth's trappers then bound on their second expedition to the Columbia. With Wyeth were the two naturalists, Townsend and Nuttall. The incidents of the journey are described in Jason Lee's Diary and in Townsend's Narrative. Edwards also is said to have kept a journal, which was burned at Sacramento in the fifties. Nothing of particular interest transpired until the rendezvous was reached June 20, 1834, on Ham's Fork near

² Robert E. Draper, *Philip L. Edwards*, in Shuck's *Representative Men of the Pacific*, pp. 461-472.

³ Jason Lee, *Diary*, *Oregon Hist. Soc. Quarterly*, vol. 17, 1916, pp. 116-146, 240-266, 397-430.

the Green River. Not all the trapping parties had come in. "They threatened that when we came they would give them Missionaries 'hell' and Capt. W[yeth] informed us and advised us to be on our guard," writes Lee.

On June 23, from the rendezvous Edwards sent an interesting letter to the Missouri *Enquirer*, republished in *Niles Register*.⁴ After speaking of their monotonous bill-of-fare—buffalo meat, "sometimes fried, sometimes roasted and sometimes boiled"—and of the variety of characters found among the mountain men at their summer "metropolis," Edwards continues:

"Here is the hardy mountain veteran who has ranged these wilds for more than thirty years. Pecuniary emolument was perhaps his first inducement, but now he is as poor as at first. Reckless of all provision for the future, his great solicitude is to fill up his mental insanity by animal gratification . . . whose connections and associations with the natives have identified his interests and habits with them.

"To form an adequate conception of their apparel, you must see it. A suit of clothes is seldom washed or turned from the time it is first worn until it is laid aside. Caps and hats are made of beaver and otter skins, the skins of buffalo calves, etc. Some of these are fantastically ornamented with tails and horns. These ornaments may be badges of distinction, for aught that I know, but being a stranger in the country, I am not able to speak decidedly. You will perhaps recollect to have seen in the 'far west' of our own United States, the buckskin hunting shirt and leggins gracefully hung with fringes along the arms and sides. But I am sure you have never seen the tasty fashion of fringes carried to perfection. Here they are six or seven inches long, and hung densely on every seam, I believe, both of the hunting shirt and leggins. Indeed their weight is a great burden. But it is perhaps advisable, under existing circumstances, that I should leave your imagination to apply the picture. There is doubtless, many a generous and magnanimous heart couched under the above general outlines, nor must you suppose that these remarks are applicable to all, for there are exceptions to all general rules.

"Two gentlemen, a Messrs. Pierce and Bush, I understand, fell victims to the savage malevolence of the Black Feet Indians, a short distance from this place, some time last winter.

". . . much credit is due to Captain Wyeth, for the manner in which he has led us forward. This gentleman unites in his character, qualifications not always to be found, untiring prudence and circumspection, with unhesitating bravery and perserverance."

⁴ Vol. 41, p. 92, cf. Wagner, *Plains and Rockies*, p. 30.

The Indians, it is remarked, "appear eager for instruction in literature and the principles of the 'white man's religion.' From this circumstance, the information we have been able to gather from other sources, we indulge a pleasing hope that open arms await us. Surely every philanthropic heart must ardently desire the dissemination of knowledge and revealed truth among this honest, moral and yet superstitious and unhappy people."

Lee and Wyeth left the rendezvous on July 2, and according to Lee met Bonneville's company at Muddy Creek near Green River, on the fourth. Irving relates that the Wyeth's arrival was some discomfort to the rival party, nevertheless Bonneville, with mountain hospitality, regaled the newcomers with his delectable concoction of honey and alcohol.

Thomas McKay with Capt. William Drummond Stewart joined the party on July 9 at the Soda Springs. On August 6, Lee and Stewart went hunting Bighorn. On August 13, at Snake River near the Falls, McKay was married to a Shoshone girl. Here Wyeth's party and McKay and Stewart left them. Fort Hall was reached on the 15th. The missionaries traveling alone began to find the journey irksome, "the slow monotony of cow-driving is indeed very wearisome. And the quart of milk which they afford us *now* per day is a small compensation for this labour but we hope to reap much benefit from them hereafter," writes Lee.

On the 29th of August at a Cayuse village, Bonneville and Captain Stewart caught up with them. On the 31st the Lees and Walker hurried on toward Walla-Walla, leaving Shepard and Edwards to drive up the cattle. On the second of September at Walla-Walla they rejoined Wyeth. Lee records the dearth of supplies. "Cap't Stewart killed a horse for meat, being the only kind he could get here, as he could not eat fish. We concluded to live on fish." On September 8 they left Wyeth at the Dalles and went on to Fort Vancouver, where they arrived on the 16th. McLoughlin advised them to go into the Willamette Valley. Daniel Lee and Edwards were sent to McKay's farm to get horses and the rest of the small party moved on to the mission site at the head of French Prairie, near where Salem now stands. On October 11, Lee writes: "We have been engaged preparing tools, fencing a pasture for calves, drying goods, &c., which were wet coming up the river." The work of erecting the buildings, in which all lent willing if unskilled hands, was slow and tedious. Tents sheltered the men and their supplies during the more than five weeks spent in rainy weather while the first log-house was put up. After this a field was fenced, crops sown and a barn erected. This heavy labor completed, Edwards

turned his thoughts toward home and prepared for departure to Hawaii on the *Ganymede*, but Daniel Lee had taken sick and had to go in his stead. Edwards, disappointed but unwilling to leave his friends, returned to Champoege and opened a school near the mission. Here he taught the children of the Indians and trappers during the winter of 1835-36. The following spring an epidemic broke out and the school-house was turned into a hospital,⁵ adding more woe to the illfated and unsuccessful missionary enterprise.

Cattle were scarce. The Hudson's Bay Company controlled most of what were in the country and could not afford to sell their increase. The American settlers, with aid from McLoughlin and from William A. Slacum of the navy, a United States agent who was on the coast, organized a company to purchase cattle in California and drive them over the mountains to the Columbia. Ewing Young was made leader and Philip Edwards the treasurer and purchaser of the *Willamette Cattle Company*. With about twenty men they sailed for California on January 22, 1837. An account of the perils and bitter hardships of the trip is contained in Edwards' Diary, *California in 1837*.⁶ Difficulties were experienced in managing the wild Spanish stock collected at the northern missions and ranches. The Siskiyou Mountains proved to be almost an insurmountable obstacle. Indians endangered the scattered riders. The trail of La Frambois, the trapper, was followed, this being perhaps the route over which Young and Hall Kelley and their party had come into Oregon in 1834.

The company left California with 729 head of stock, after losing about 100 before leaving the settlements. They arrived on the Willamette with 630 head. These originally cost three dollars apiece. "The men worked for a dollar a day and took their pay in cattle at cost price. Credit is chiefly due to Young for the enterprise."⁷ The Spanish steers were of the same inferior kind as the old-time Texas long-horn. They increased rapidly in Oregon and were the chief support of the settlers until supplanted by a better grade of cattle brought across the plains in the forties.

It is a little curious to see Young and Edwards, men of totally different character and tastes, associated so closely in the cattle project. It was only twelve days before the formation of the company that the Lees, Shepard and Edwards in the name of the *Oregon Temperance Society* addressed a communication to Young and Carmichael

⁵ Bancroft, *History of Oregon*, vol. 1, p. 87.

⁶ Originally published in *Themis*, vol. 2; reprinted Sacramento: A. J. Johnston & Co., 1890, 47 pp.

⁷ Clark, *Pioneer Days of Oregon History*, vol. 1, pp. 350-351.

"earnestly and feelingly" requesting them to abandon their distillery. Young and Carmichael agreed to this only the day before the company was organized. Edwards was of delicate constitution, gentle manners, educated, a thinker and idealist, and with powers of diplomatic persuasion. Young was of powerful physique, hardened by years on the frontier, of coarse speech, possessed only of native intelligence, an organizer and leader, and brusque and forward in his dealings with men. The blending of the opposite characters of Young and Edwards brought to a successful terminus an almost impossible enterprise to the great advantage of the infant settlements of Oregon.

In the winter of 1837-38, Jason Lee determined to visit the States to obtain reinforcements for his colonies in Oregon. Duty called him, he said, but whether this "duty" was in the nature of missionary or secular enterprise he does not specify. That it was not wholly the former is evident from the fact that just before his departure a meeting of the settlers was called to petition Congress to extend the government of the United States over the American colonies. A memorial was written and signed by thirty-six of the settlers. We have Edwards' own word for it that he wrote this important document.⁸ He says, *Sketch of Oregon*, pp. 13-14: "In a memorial to the Congress of the United States presented by Dr. Linn in the winter of 1838 9, and which I drew up for the settlers before I left the Territory, it is said, that 'a large portion of the Territory, from the Columbia river south to the boundary line between the United States and the Mexican Republic, and extending from the coast of the Pacific about 250 or 300 miles to the interior, is either well supplied with timber, or adapted to pasturage or agriculture. The fertile valleys of the Wallamette and Umpqua, are varied with prairies and woodland, and intersected by abundant lateral streams presenting facilities for machinery.' And I will here simply refer to this memorial as containing a brief general description of the country." Hines⁹ well characterises Edwards' document as remarkable for its "clear and long-sighted statesmanship, and literary ability." It was one of the first of a long series of petitions and letters from all parts of the country bombarding Senator Linn, who was thus urged to continue his efforts toward the acquisition of Oregon. It was addressed, *To the honorable the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America*, and begins with a brief description of the Columbia River country and the state of the American settlements. It continues with

⁸ Edwards' *Memorial* was printed in the *Congressional Globe*, vol. 7, p. 141. It was read by Senator Lewis F. Linn of Missouri, January 28, 1839.

⁹ H. K. Hines, *Missionary History of the Pacific Northwest*, p. 136.

the words: "We flatter ourselves that we are the germ of a great State, and are anxious to give an early tone to the moral and intellectual character of its citizens. We are fully aware, too, that the destinies of our posterity will be intimately affected by the character of those who emigrate to this country. The territory must populate. The congress of the United States must say by whom. . . . We can boast of no civil code. We can promise no protection but the ulterior resort of self-defense. . . . We have thus briefly shown that the security of our persons and our property, the hopes and destinies of our children are involved in the objects of our petition. We do not presume to suggest the manner in which the country should be occupied by the government, nor the extent to which our settlement should be encouraged. We confide in the wisdom of our national legislators, and leave the subject to their candid deliberations; and your petitioners will ever pray.

J. L. WHITCOMB,
And thirty-five others.

March 16, 1838."

Lee tried to get permission to go home with the Hudson Bay's party but failed. "In the meantime Messrs Ewing & Edwards resolved to try this [the overland] route, though there was no certainty of a party going from Fort Hall to the American Rendezvous, and no certainty where it would be. The society of these gents, I saw at once would obviate a good deal of the anticipated loneliness and make the journey much more pleasant and agreeable, and hence a much greater prospect of benefiting my health was opened up. These things, together with the firm conviction of many of the brethren, that it was my duty to go; and many other weighty considerations; if they did not remove all objections, finally counterbalanced them, and I became satisfied that my Master called, and that duty required me to leave home and wife and friends and retrace my steps to the land of civilization.

"March 26, 1838. Left the Mission House on the Willamette, for the U. S. in company with P. L. Edwards, and two Indian boys, Wm. Brooks (a Chinook) and Thomas Adams.

"May 18,—[at Umatilla River] Mr. Edwards' horse reared up in the river, fell back, and he fell under him, and with some difficulty extricated himself without injury."¹⁰

Lee continued on to Washington with the Memorial. He took with him the four Indian boys, including the two sons of Thomas

¹⁰ Jason Lee, *Diary*, *loc. cit.*

Laura E. Morison
P. F. Calif.
SKETCH

OF THE

OREGON TERRITORY:

OR,

EMIGRANTS' GUIDE.

BY P. L. EDWARDS, ESQ.
Of Richmond, Mo.

LIBERTY, MO.:
PRINTED AT THE "HERALD" OFFICE.
1842.

McKay from Fort Hall. Edwards must have arrived home at Richmond late in the year 1838. He commenced the study of law and was admitted to the bar in 1839.¹¹ In August of the following year he married Mary Venable Allen. During the Mormon trouble in 1841 he commanded troops and was given the rank of Colonel in the State Militia.

In 1842 Edwards was elected a member of the lower branch of the State Legislature from the Whig Party. Soon after he was made chairman of the Judiciary Committee. At this time Bay describes him as: "a modest, retiring, and unassuming gentleman, with dignified manner, and a countenance indicating a high order of intellect. He was tall and spare made, and seemed to be laboring under much physical disability. . . . Upon several . . . occasions during the session he addressed the House, and obtained the reputation of being one of the first declaimers in either House of the General Assembly." Edwards was a delegate to the Whig National Convention of 1844 which nominated Henry Clay. He was known later as the "War-horse" of the Whig Party.

Edwards' "Sketch of Oregon" was published in 1842 just at the time when the emigration fever began to sweep over the frontier. Linn's resolution to provide free land for settlers in Oregon had been up before the Senate several times since December 18, 1839. Oregon interests were receiving much attention in both Houses and in the Committee on Foreign Relations. Greenhow's historical report had been published. Fremont's first expedition was under way. Peter H. Burnett, an old friend and, it is said, formerly a law partner of Philip Edwards, in the spring of 1843 took an active part in the organization of a great emigration party to cross the plains to Oregon. Burnett carried a letter in introduction from Edwards to Governor McLoughlin. At such a time and in such a place Edwards' published "Emigrants' Guide" and his personal influence must have had some effect upon the western movement.

The descriptive paragraphs of the "Guide" certainly did not fall on deaf ears at a time when every settler who could pull up stakes had his ears set to the tune of "Oregon." Edwards' advice is decidedly cautionary. "The reality," says he, "will be in some respects more, in others less, favorable than the fancy sketch. And disappointment either pleasurable or painful, will be an emotion of no unfrequent recurrence. . . . While the restless American pines for a cottage in the bosom of the deep unfathomable West, perchance the lone pioneer

¹¹ W. V. N. Bay, *Bench and Bar of Missouri*, p. 460, Shuck, *op. cit.*, says 1840, and this may be correct as two of Bay's other dates are wrong.

reclining upon some proud promontory of the Pacific . . . weeps to revisit the land from which he is an exile forever." He recommends the route which became the great Oregon Trail—"up the South Platte, a short distance above the junction of the north and south forks, thence up the north fork, until you have travelled some six or eight days within the first range of mountains, called the Black Hills; thence to the Colorado of the West, and thence to Fort Hall on Lewis's river, by way of Bear river.

"I have been frequently asked whether I consider it practicable to perform the expedition with wagons?

"I answer, that in my opinion, about two thirds of the trip might be thus accomplished; and as to the remaining part, I am so far from believing that any sort of wheeled vehicle could be rendered available, that in my opinion, in many places it would be very difficult, perhaps nearly impossible to get them along empty. And were I to join a company of emigrants, I should always prefer [pack] horses and mules to any other mode of conveyance." Farther on he says: "I should always entertain misgivings as to the issue, if I saw a rush of emigration, unless I had first seen supplies (thus) forwarded by sea . . . To think of transporting the implements of agriculture and mechanics across the Rock Mountains; is utterly preposterous; and the Hudson's Bay Company, if willing, might not be able to supply the wants of a great number, unless previously advised that there would be such an increased demand. If the colony could command a vessel, many of the necessary supplies might, in the course of a few weeks, be procured from the Sandwich Islands."

The various features of the route are described briefly and a conservative estimate of the resources and the agricultural possibilities of various sections of Oregon is made. The Rogue River "Chasty" Valley, the Umpqua, the "Wal-lam-ette," the "Cowlitz," are considered. Accounts of the "Soil and Products," or the "Climate" and the "Scenery," "Health," the "Extent of Country," "Timber," "Stock," "Society," "Statistics," "Indians," and other topics are included.

Concluding, he remarks: 'I cannot now refrain from observing, that however favorably to the Territory this sketch may be construed, yet I have no doubt that the country is by many greatly overrated. I am sometimes asked if I consider the country better than Missouri? I answer, no! . . . Emigrants should go prepared to work and not to hunt. You will not understand me as wishing to abate the ardor of your friends. Adventure, like virtue, brings its own reward; and let those who start on this enterprise learn to derive happiness even from privation and peril . . . let them learn to despise the incidents of

common-place life, and aspire to be the benefactors of their race—the founders of a new, enlightened and powerful state. Their cotemporaries will admire and posterity reward. I am, very respectfully, &c.

P. L. EDWARDS.

DR. T. M. BACON, Liberty, Mo.”

Leaving Richmond early in 1850 Edwards, taking his family across the plains, arrived in California in September of the same year. He was made captain of the train in which he came. He hung out his shingle in Sacramento. About a year later he entered into partnership with J. L. English and Judge Sanders, remaining with English until the year 1857. From then, until the time of his death, he practiced alone.¹² He was prominent in politics. He ran for Congress on the Whig ticket in 1852 and failed of election. In 1854 he was one of the Whig members of the State Legislature at Sacramento. He was offered the speakership of the Assembly but declined and was appointed instead Chairman of the Judiciary Committee. Again he became candidate for the Senate but lost. After the demise of the Whigs he became a Democrat. His speech on secession at the Democratic Convention in 1861 was printed.¹³ This is said to be the only “set” speech he ever made, all the others being extemporaneous.¹⁴

Edwards died of paralysis in Sacramento, May 1, 1869. Resolutions were drafted by the Bar, of which he was an honored member. Obituary notices appeared in the *Sacramento Daily Union*, May 3, 1869, and in the [*Sacramento*] *Daily Bee* of the same date. He has left but two living descendants—his daughter, Mrs. Phil Edwards Bryant and his granddaughter, Mrs. Mary Morton Rives of Berkeley. Another daughter, Mrs. Laura Ann Morton, was formerly Deputy State Librarian at Sacramento.

CHARLES L. CAMP.

¹² Sacramento City Directories 1851, 1853-1869.

¹³ *Speech of P. L. Edwards, Esq., made before the Democratic State Convention, on the 23d of July, 1861.* Knight's Landing News Print, 8 pp. 8°.

¹⁴ Draper in Shuck, *op. cit.*

six hours. I write this by the return Messenger to Puebla, to be forwarded by any chance conveyance from thence, merely to acknowledge its receipt and say that your instructions shall be carried out. It will require three trips of the Launch to transport the heavy articles—occupying probably ten or eleven days in all in the execution of the duty I will endeavor to improve the time to the uttermost by directing an inventory to be taken of all public property there for your information, & unless otherwise instructed, cause some of the spare small arms to be brought down and kept in order for service as required.

We are digging a gallery for the long brass pieces—at a point commanding the anchorage of this place but with a very reduced crew—including sick & prisoners upwards of thirty short Marines on shore, and boats absent frequently on distant duty we cannot progress as I could desire. The entrance of this Bay may be fortified in a manner to repel the whole Navy of Great Britain, with sufficient time and means to effect it, and I think Sir, in order to meet the contingency of a war with England (now more than ever likely to occur, as I judge from her well known opposition to our Territorial accessions) a large supply of the heaviest ordnan[c]es cannot too soon, be forwarded from our arsenals on the other side. I sincerely hope that it may not be overlooked as the time may be at hand when it will be difficult to supply them.

All is quiet here—and perfect order maintained on shore—our volunteers perform patrol duty at night following their occupations during the days and the recently terrified inhabitants who were driven from their homes through fear of the Revolutionists are returning quietly—& satisfied to the town again. I have heard nothing of Captn Fremont but suppose he is at Monterey. I will write you again the beginning of the ensuing week or earlier if necessary.

In the mean time I have the Honor to be Sir

Your Obt Servt

J^{NO}. B. MONTGOMERY

Commander

To

Commodore Jn^o D. Sloat

Commanding Naval Forces of the U. States in the Pacific
at Monterey.

N.B. I have written in much haste

J B M

[From Mr. C. Templeton Crocker's Sloat Manuscripts.]

[Original.]

Señor Dⁿ. Juan D. Sloat.

Monterrey

Santa Barbara Julio 18 de 1846.

Muy Señor mio.

En campaña y donde carecia de un interprete de la lengua inglesa, recibí la nota oficial de V. referente á la ocupacion de Monterrey por las fuersas de su mando, cuya contestacion he diferido y difiero para darla en la Capital del Departamento á donde me dirijo.

Mientras doy á V. la contestacion indicada me tomo ahora la libertad de suplicarle que las violencias que han hecho carrer la sangre mejicana é inocente en Sonoma, no vuelvan á repetirse en este Departamento por individuos que se titular Ciudadanos de los Estados Unidos, y confío en que la integridad de un Gefe distinguida de aquella Nacion no permitirá nuevas desgracias en ningun punto del pais.

Esta ocacion me ofrece le satisfaccion de suscribirme de V. su affmo. servidor que att^o. b.l.m.

Pio Pico.

[Translation of the Above.]

Mr. John D. Sloat

Monterrey

Santa Barbara

July 18, 1846

My dear Sir:

On campaign where I lack the services of an interpreter of the English language I received your official note referring to the occupation of Monterey by the forces under your command, an answer to which I have postponed and will postpone in order to give it in the capital of the department where I am now going. Until I send you the answer indicated I take the liberty of begging you that the violent acts which have caused innocent Mexican blood to run in Sonoma may not be repeated in this department by individuals who call themselves citizens of the United States, and I am confident that the integrity of a distinguished official of that nation will not permit new calamities in any part of the country.

This occasion offers me the satisfaction of subscribing myself your affectionate and attentive servant who kisses your hands.

Pio Pico.

[From Mr. C. Templeton Crocker's Sloat Manuscripts.]

[Copy.]

Sir, H. M. Ship Collingwood,
Monterey, 22nd. July 1846.

On quitting the Coast of Upper California, it may be useful to you that I should shortly state my views of your situation as Her Majesty's Vice Consul in that Province, under present circumstances.

The Squadron of the United States having taken forcible Possession of the Principal Ports, in consequence of hostilities having occurred on the Río Grande between the Armies of the United States and Mexico, the value of the services of the Consuls of the different powers is enhanced, in order that they may assist in affording or obtaining Protection for their fellow subjects, whose interests may be compromised in the distracted State of Affairs which exists, or may be expected to prevail; I am, therefore, glad to have been informed by the Commodore Commanding the United States Squadron that there is no intention to disturb the Foreign Consuls in the exercise of their functions.

I observe in the Proclamation issued on the 7th. of July, that He acquaints the Inhabitants that California will henceforward be a portion of the United States.

Whatever may be the expectations of that Officer, I apprehend He would not be warranted by the practice or Law of Nations, nor, I believe, by the Constitution of the United States, to declare that California has been annexed to that Republic; and that the Tenure under which the Forces of the United States at present hold this province should, therefore, be regarded as a provisional occupation pending future decisions, on the issue of the contest between the United States and Mexico; and in that light alone it should be regarded by you, until you receive Instructions from the Department under which you act, for your conduct.

I recommend to you to preserve the strictest Neutrality between contending Parties, and to conduct yourself with the prudence and circumspection which are so essential to make your Services as Her Majesty's Vice Consul beneficial in the present State of Upper California.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

(Signed) G. F. SEYMOUR

To Rear Admiral and Commander in Chief.

James Alex^r. Forbes, Esq^r.

Her Majesty's Vice Consul
in California.

BOOK REVIEWS

Across the Plains by Prairie Schooner. Personal Narrative of B. F. Bonney of His Trip to Sutter's Fort, California, in 1846, and of His Pioneer Experiences in Oregon During the Days of Oregon's Provisional Government. By Fred Lockley. Eugene, Ore.: privately printed, no date. 20 pp. 8°.

These are the recollections of Benjamin Franklin Bonney taken down as he told them. They furnish an interesting addition to the history of overland immigration.

Bonney says his father went to Oregon because "he had heard there were plenty of fish" there, "he wanted to move to a country where he could catch trout and salmon." Jarvis and his brother, Truman Bonney, with their families came overland with the great rush in the spring of 1845, being in one of the trains under Captain Presley Welch, Joel Palmer and Samuel K. Barlow. At Fort Hall they were met by Caleb Greenwood the trapper, and three of his sons, of all of whom interesting accounts are given. Greenwood, who was in Sutter's employ, persuaded the Bonneys, also Sam and Jim Kinney of Texas, William Dodson, the widow Teters, Dr. Gildea and some others, eight wagons in all, to branch off from the main party and proceed to Sutter's Fort under the guidance of the Greenwood boys.

At the foot of the Sierras near the Fort, Benjamin Bonney and some of the other children were wading in a stream and picked up small pieces of metal which Dr. Gildea pronounced to be gold. An ounce bottle filled with nuggets, it is said, was given to Dr. Gildea, who died on January 22, 1846, before he could carry out his intention of returning to search for more treasure.

Sutter, it appears, was anxious to build up an American colony at the Fort, and urged Jarvis Bonney to remain with him. The reasons for not doing so are stated as follows: "In the spring of 1846 a Mexican general with thirty soldiers came to the fort and said all Americans who did not care to become Spanish subjects must leave California. Late in April a meeting of the emigrants was called and the question was discussed. Most of the emigrants decided that they preferred going to Oregon rather than losing their American citizenship."

Bonney's recollections are probably pretty vague as to political events in California since he was only seven or eight years old at that time. He does however make it appear that Sutter was playing a double role in his foreign relations. In the first place Sutter was trying to attract American settlers by sending guides across the desert

and in other ways. Just before this time he wrote letters to the California authorities advising a large garrison and the purchase of his Fort by the civil authorities in order to provide stricter measures for the supervision of immigrants! Sutter was badly in debt and perhaps the motive of this seeming madness was simply an idea that the Fort could more readily be sold for military purposes if immigrants could be attracted and the California authorities correspondingly alarmed.

To Oregon by Ox-Team in '47. The story of the coming of the Hunt family to the Oregon country and the experiences of G. W. Hunt in the gold diggings of California in 1849. By Fred Lockley. Portland, Oregon: published by the Author, no date or copyright. 16 pp. 8°.

Mr. Lockley records some rather scattering reminiscences of Jephtha T. Hunt whose father G. W. Hunt and whose grandfather John S. Hunt crossed the plains in 1847.

John S. Hunt became interested in Oregon through a chance meeting with General Joel Palmer, "who had come across the plains from the Willamette Valley . . . to secure a charter for a Masonic lodge at Oregon City." The Hunts started from Independence, Missouri, in a train of twenty-one wagons organized and led by Elijah Patterson. En route the younger Hunt was captured by the Crow Indians and escaped. The first Mormon caravan was encountered.

In the spring of 1849, G. W. Hunt joined a party bound overland through the Siskiyou Mountains to California, and opened up the first claims where the town of Shasta was later built. One of the party, a man named Forrest, it appears, was the discoverer, and the first day Hunt is said to have taken out \$108. The year 1851 finds G. W. Hunt at the "newly discovered diggings at Yreka" where "20 miners operating eight rockers had taken out a large amount of gold."

Stories of Stanislaus, a collection of stories on the history and achievements of Stanislaus County. By Sol. P. Elias. Modesto, Cal.: published by the author, 1924. 344 pages. 8°.

The modest title of this most informing work does not sufficiently indicate its historical value. Representing as it does a thorough piece of research upon many phases of the life of old and new Stanislaus, and containing the results of years of association with the pioneers, it will certainly gain in importance with the passage of time. The effect as a whole would not have suffered if a few pages containing matter of more or less fugitive or trivial interest could have been omitted.

The first twenty chapters, nearly half the book, are given over to a detailed account of the history of irrigation and agriculture in the Modesto, Turlock and other districts. The amount of statistical information herein condensed will prompt the casual reader to skip on to the final pages where a surprising amount of original material upon interesting topics connected with early affairs will be found,—the story of Estanislao the renegade Indian chieftain, information upon the aborigines, detailed accounts of life in La Grange and Knight's Ferry the first mining camps, the early settlements in the valley, pioneer editors and journals, the vigilante days, and the history of Modesto.

During the month of August, 1879, it seems that Modesto under the lash of criminal sway had a little Vigilance band all its own. Five years later the necessity for some kind of public order again caused the formation of the *San Joaquin Valley Regulators*, an "organization which worked swiftly and decisively in the dark to ameliorate peculiar conditions in Modesto" With very little bloodshed and no recorded lynchings, results were obtained by serving notices such as the following upon undesirable citizens:

"You are hereby notified to leave Modesto within twenty-four hours and never return, under peril of your lives. Remember Doan's fate.
SAN JOAQUIN REGULATORS."

"The justification of the existence of the Regulators is found in the accomplishment. Through their activities the town developed into a safer and more law abiding community."

Early newspapers are freely drawn upon to supplement the conversations and letters of pioneers. Such now forgotten journals as the *Knights Ferry Bee* (1859), the *Stanislaus Index* (1861-62), and the *Tuolumne City News* (1868) are cited. There are many interesting articles from the early San Francisco press. A description of the Indians of the Tulare valley by James H. Carson, from the *San Joaquin Republican* (1852), is quoted. Carson remarks that: "the . . . tribes of the Tulares appear to be a distinct race from the Digger Indians and the Notonotos declare themselves to be the remnant of a great people. These Indians inhabit the shores of the lakes and north of King's river and cultivate corn and vegetables. . . . Their habitations also approach more toward civilization, being made of mats of woven tule and flags which are stretched on poles similar to the lodgings of our eastern Indians. . . . [They] bury their dead and adorn their graves for the season with arrows, feathers and all fancy property of which they are possessed."

Information of this sort will doubtless be welcome to anthropologists who have been studying burial sites of the extinct lake tribes.

Mr. Elias, long time a resident of Stanislaus, is a graduate of the law department of Stanford University and for the past two years has been Mayor of Modesto.

The Southern Sierras of California. By Charles Francis Saunders. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1923. xii, 367 pages, 32 plates. 8°.

One likes to follow Charles Saunders in his leisurely journeys into the mountains and through the valleys of Southern California. He writes with a charm that recalls John Muir, with something of the fancy and delightfulness of Mary Austin, with the anecdotal grace of Smeaton Chase, and with a sense of humor and a feeling for the human and historic backgrounds all his own. Besides, he is a botanist and without emphasizing any of the technicalities he is able to interpret, interest and entertain with all sorts of scientifically accumulated lore.

This last book of Saunders' is neither a hikers' guide nor a motor tourists' handbook. It will be of little practical service to either species of modern adventurer. There is not much information about the condition of roads and trails or the rates at hotels and resorts. It is a companion that will lead one away from the conventional highways on to dreamy by-paths and steep wind-swept trails. Where are there more entrancing mountains than the Sierras of Southern California,—the Tejon and Mount Pinos regions, San Antonio, San Geronio, San Jacinto, Santa Rosa, Agua Tibia, San Ysidro and Laguna?

Here one may chance upon the quaint and curious, human characters that Saunders describes—hermits living in the recesses of the canyons, foresters, philosophical prospectors, backwoods homesteaders; the unusual plant life of the dwarf forests of elfin wood or chaparral, rare and curious shrubs and trees.

Through all the account runs an interesting historic thread. Admirably chosen details of local history are linked with the geography, and the tracing of old trails and landmarks is a feature of the work.

The Log of a Forty-niner Journal of a Voyage from Newburyport to San Francisco in the Brig Gen^l Worth Commanded by Captⁿ Samuel Walton Kept by Richard L. Hale, Newbury Mass. By Carolyn Hale Russ. Boston: B. J. Brimmer Company, 1923. 183 pages, 17 plates. 8°.

The brief entries in Hale's manuscript journal have formed the basis for this much elaborated account which evidently bears but slight resemblance to the original. Although the day-by-day form has been

adopted for the voyage and although the narrative is told in the first person it is obvious that the story has been almost entirely rewritten and some parts of it, as the author states in her preface, have been supplied from reminiscences of conversations with her father made ten years ago and more.

The only noteworthy incident of the outward voyage was a brief landing at Crusoe's Island, Juan Fernandez. The arrival in San Francisco was on May 6, 1850, over six months after the departure from Newburyport. After experiences with fire and cholera Hale left for Portland July 8, 1850, on the steamer *Carolina*. A trip to the Klamath Mines projected from there met with almost immediate failure owing to inexperience in the gentle art of packing an unruly horse.

Some account is given of "McKenzie's" (J. M. Kirkpatrick's) attempt to establish the first settlement at Port Orford but Hale did not join in the unfortunate enterprise. The brig *Tarquina* took the young gold seeker back to San Francisco again in October, 1852. A few weeks after that Hale went up to Marysville on the steamer *Confidence* and associated himself with the "Yuba Mining Company." After two failures the company disbanded and Hale struck out again for the Klamath River diggings in Captain Marx's party. Prospecting was scarcely begun when an Indian scare drove Hale and a number of others over the mountains to Trinidad, from whence a return to San Francisco was made aboard a lumber schooner. A last effort in the mines in the Sonora district ended in failure, and the disappointed argonaut sailed for South America September 9, 1853, in the ship *Beatrice*. An extended account of the return voyage is without particular interest save for a view of the horrible results of traffic in Chinese slaves on the Cincha Islands, the guano deposits of Peru.

Mrs. Russ' book is illustrated from inked copies of pencil sketches in the Hale Journal. Apparently all the drawings were made during the author's voyages, and do not include any California scenes.

Twenty Years in the Backwoods of California. By John C. Shay. Being the actual experiences and observations of a native son of California, covering a period of twenty years in one locality, while engaged in prospecting, gold mining, homesteading, stock raising and the roadside smithy. Boston: The Roxburgh Publishing Co., Inc., 1923. 142 pages. 8°.

This unusual recital of California frontier life as it remains today has that simplicity, directness and quaint charm so dear to those who enjoy literary products that have sprung from western soil. There is

something of the flavor and humor of the old-time pioneer narrative in this "cross-section" of life in the Sierran foothills.

The author who describes himself as a "kind of natural born handy man" homesteaded near Grub Gulch in Mariposa County in a sparsely settled region alongside the Wawona-Yosemite Stage Road. His life in the mountains he describes as a "day-dream" which became a reality and only reached its close because of changes distasteful to the gentle frontiersman. With the increase of settlers grew distrust and certain unfriendly feelings the personal nature of which are at least mildly hinted at when we read that: "Guns were always carried by the settlers, but in the last few years more attention seems to be given to this habit than at any previous time. Nearly every settler seems to expect to have to use his gun at any time. This spirit is depressing."

After a most informal series of experiences in a lonely placer claim, where we are introduced to the author's pet tobacco-chewing burro, the pioneer tells of his improvised smithy on the stage-road, his fruit trees, vegetables and berries and his cellar well filled with the products of his wife's industry—preserves, butter, pickled eggs and meats *and* home-brew. Then follow a variety of more dramatic events—forest fires, stage hold-ups, Indian murders, insane miners, rattlesnakes, kissing bugs, the shooting of the town bully, and a meeting with Theodore Roosevelt.

The student of frontier society will find some food for reflection in the accounts of settlers' organizations which were brought together for concerted action in the extermination of such pests as "fire-bugs" and coyotes. We are left with the happy assurance that pioneer days have not altogether passed in the more out-of-the-way corners of our land.

The Kingship of Mt. Lassen. By Mrs. Frederick H. Colburn (Frona Eunice Wait). San Francisco: published by the Author, 1922. 6 + 69 pages. Many illustrations. 8°.

This is an interesting little book containing many items of local history including an informative chapter on the life of Peter Lassen written by Mrs. May C. Lassen. Mrs. Lassen is the wife of Alexander Charters Lassen of New York City, who is a direct descendant of the pioneer.

CHARLES L. CAMP.

MEETINGS OF THE SOCIETY

The December meeting was held at the Palace Hotel, December 21, 1923, and no set address having been arranged for, the meeting resolved itself into a general discussion. A suggestion made by Mr. F. M. DeWitt that an exhibition be held of books, maps, pictures, etc., relating to California was received with general approval. The matter was finally referred for action to the Directors, who subsequently appointed a committee charged with carrying out the design, the expectation being that the exhibition will be held in September.



The Annual Meeting of the Society was held at the Palace Hotel on January 25, at 12:30. Seventeen members were in attendance.

The minutes of the preceding Annual Meeting having been read and approved, the election of officers for the ensuing year was held. There being no further nominations than the list proposed by the Nominating Committee, a vote by ballot was ordered taken, which resulted in the unanimous election of the following Directors: Anson S. Blake, Charles L. Camp, Robert E. Cowan, C. Templeton Crocker, Boutwell Dunlap, E. S. Heller, T. W. Hubbard, C. O. G. Miller, E. J. Molera, D. Q. Troy, and H. R. Wagner.

President Crocker then made a short address summarizing the operations of the Society for the year; and Mr. Robert E. Cowan submitted the following report as Chairman of the Publication Committee:

In accordance with established custom authorized by the by-laws, the Committee of Publication presents the annual report of its activities. Such report is of necessity largely perfunctory in its nature. The contents of such numbers of the Quarterly as have appeared in print constitute a report more comprehensive and intelligible than any that could be offered by the chairman of the publication committee. The definite results are to be found in these issues and it is hoped that they have been received with favor by the members of this society. On the technique of making up these numbers; of the close minutiae and wearisome details of the reading of proof; and of the delays and difficulties with the printer, no comment is made. Such matters are inevitable and uninspiring to the public.

It has been the purpose and policy of your committee to present original material; to continue a series of documents heretofore generally unpublished and of great historical importance; to publish narratives of those who were active in the earlier days and who recorded history as they saw and knew it; and to present reviews and notes upon such

publications as come within the recognized scope of the plans and activities of the society. From these early sources there have been printed:

1. The Reminiscences of George C. Yount.
2. The Journal of Benjamin Dore.
3. A portion of the Diary of C. S. Lyman.

Among the original papers have been:

1. Unamuno's Voyage to California in 1587, by H. R. Wagner.
2. Some Facts Concerning Leland Stanford and His Contemporaries in Placer Co., by Hon. Boutwell Dunlap.
3. Butterfield's Overland Mail, by L. R. Hafen.
4. The Route of Jedediah S. Smith in 1826, by Dr. C. Hart Merriam.
5. Norton I: Emperor of the U. S. and Protector of Mexico, by Robert E. Cowan.

Other material consists of a Letter of David Douglas of 1831; sundry bibliographical notes; comments upon auctions of interest; and reviews of books; and a comprehensive index of the first volume. Two features have been added; synopses of the addresses made at the monthly luncheons; and notices of an obituary nature.

The chairman has had but little part in the editorial work, consequent upon sundry periods of absence from the city, and the many details of his regular occupation. We have had at all times the valuable co-operation of Mr. Crocker, and Mr. Camp and Miss Davies have given freely of their time and competent abilities. Since his return from Europe, Mr. Wagner has closely devoted himself to the work and the plans as laid down originally have been carried on systematically and consistently. The tedious and wearisome details have been lessened to a great extent by the patient and effective services rendered by Miss Huggins.

Respectfully submitted,

ROBERT E. COWAN,
Chairman.

Mr. T. W. Hubbard as Secretary and Treasurer then submitted the following report for the year ending December 31, 1923:

MEMBERSHIP

Members at end of year 1922.....	142
Elected 1923 (Patron 5, Active 55).....	60
Total.....	202
Resigned	8
Dropped for non-payment of dues.....	8
Deaths (Patron 1, Active, 1).....	2
	18
Total membership Dec. 31, 1923	
(Patron 23, Active 161).....	184
Net gain.....	42

MEETINGS

During the year the Society held an annual meeting and an adjourned annual meeting, on January 26 and February 1; the Directors held twelve meetings; and the Society at large held twelve luncheon meetings. The speakers and subjects at these luncheons were as follows:

January 18: The Pony Express—Mr. Greene Majors.

February 16: The Landmarking Pilgrimage through the '49 Mining District—Mr. H. C. Peterson.

March 14: The Pioneers of the Sierra—Mr. Francis P. Farquhar.

April 18: California's Communication with the East, 1849-1869—Dr. C. L. Goodwin.

May 17: Fort Moore and the Battle of San Pasqual, Los Angeles—Mr. Orra E. Monnette.

June 19: British-American Relations in Connection with the Acquisition of California—Prof. E. D. Adams.

July 19: California Material in the Archives in Spain—Mr. H. R. Wagner.

August 16: How Californians Gave Life and Color to Nevada's Bonanza Boom Times—Mr. Wells Drury.

September 19: Historic Spots Marked by the Native Sons of the Golden West—Hon. Joseph R. Knowland.

October 26: A Regrettable Chapter in California History—Dr. C. Hart Merriam.

November 20: A Stroll Through San Francisco in the Long Ago—Mr. Charles B. Turrill.

December 21: An open meeting with general discussion.

GIFTS AND LOANS

For gifts and loans of various books, pamphlets, pictures, maps, etc., the Society is indebted to Mr. Robert Bruce, Hon. Salvador M. Cavero, Mr. Robert E. Cowan, Dr. Owen C. Coy (State Historical Survey Commission), Mr. Templeton Crocker, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Custer, Mr. Albert Dressler, Mr. J. Forsyth, Mrs. John W. Gray, Mrs. F. E. Greene, Mr. T. W. Hubbard, Miss Sarah Louise Kimball, Dr. R. B. von KleinSmid, Mr. William C. Latham, Mr. F. A. Thomas, Mr. H. R. Wagner, and Miss Louise E. Winterburn. The Society also received from friends monetary gifts amounting to \$714.00. The Society is also greatly indebted to Mr. Templeton Crocker for the continuation of the loan of his splendid collection of Californiana.

FINANCIAL

Cash on hand December 31, 1922..... \$343.27

Receipts during 1923:

Dues of Patron Members.....	\$2000.00	
Dues of Active Members.....	1442.00	
Advance Dues of Active Members.....	66.00	
Gifts	714.00	
Sale of Separate Publications.....	37.87	
Sale of extra copies of Quarterly.....	202.00	
Miscellaneous	6.63	
		4468.50

Disbursements:

\$4811.77

Rent	\$ 960.00
Telephone	57.47
Salary	1195.00
Stationery and Office Supplies.....	33.08
Printing Quarterly	1777.75
Miscellaneous Printing	158.40
Payment on Loan.....	250.00
Petty Cash	60.00
Miscellaneous	55.26

\$4546.96

On hand December 31, 1923..... 264.81

\$4811.77

There remaining still unpaid \$500.00 on the \$750.00 loan, the books of the Society show a deficit at the end of the year of \$235.19.

Respectfully submitted,

T. W. HUBBARD, Secretary and Treasurer.

The meeting then passed a resolution that the report of the Chairman of the Publication Committee and the report of the Secretary and Treasurer be printed in the next number of the Quarterly.

After a discussion as to the appointment of a Committee on Historical Landmarks and the reference of the matter to the Board of Directors for further action, a vote of thanks was extended to the officers, Board of Directors, and committees for their services during the year.

At a subsequent meeting of the newly elected Directors, the officers of the preceding year were elected to serve for the year 1924.



The speaker at the meeting held January 18 was Monsignor Joseph M. Gleason of Palo Alto. Father Gleason's talk was enthusiastically received and showed evidences of a thorough familiarity with the topic presented—the history of the San Mateo peninsula.

He began by pointing out that this peninsula is the heart of California, both geographically and historically, and that the history of the peninsula and that of San Francisco are closely related. He remarked that with the exception of New Year's Point, or Punta Año Nuevo, named by Vizcaino in 1603, the names on the peninsula date from the later epoch of Spanish occupation—the eighteenth century.

In that century, international law was beginning to recognize that territorial discovery did not entitle to possession unless followed up by colonization. Moreover, international law of that time was predatory, being based on seizure. Great Britain, Russia and France were all rivals of Spain for the possession of the little-known country bordering the Pacific. To hold that territory which she claimed there was immediate need for her to colonize it.

With Spain, colonizing meant establishing missions. The Jesuit order, which up to that time had been Spain's chief missionary agent in America, was just then, for political reasons, expelled from all Spain's dominions. The chain of Jesuit missions which had been established in Lower California was turned over to the Franciscans, who were later charged with the development of Upper California—as yet not brought under the rule and the church of Spain. So the early story of California became the story of Franciscan missionary activities from San Diego to Sonoma, and in that story San Mateo peninsula plays an important part.

Preliminary to the establishment of the missions, explorations of the new territory had to be made, and mission sites selected. The first exploring expedition sent out for this purpose was that commanded

by Portolá, which, in 1769, proceeded to California in two divisions—by land and sea—from Lower California. The inland party and the sea expedition met at San Diego. From there a portion of the party kept on northwest, looking for the port of Monterey, which had been described in the reports of earlier coastwise explorers. With that northern march of Portolá began the real exploration of the San Mateo peninsula. Detailed accounts of the journey are to be read today in the official report of the expedition and the diary kept by Costansó, the engineer. Father Gleason outlined briefly the main events there recorded: the march along the coast to Monterey Bay, which, curiously, was not recognized as the port for which they were seeking; the advance to Montara Point, where it was found necessary to climb the heights; the view, obtained from the hills above Montara, of the Farallones and beyond them the headland of Point Reyes; the discovery of San Francisco Bay and the unsuccessful attempt to get around it by land. The party at length was forced to return to headquarters due to shortage of food. On their return, they stopped at Carmelo Bay and there they erected a cross, at the base of which they buried a document containing the engineer's calculations and a statement to the effect that the members of the party were in danger of starvation.

It is interesting to remember that the expedition of 1769-70, in addition to its discovery and reconnaissance of San Francisco Bay, bestowed the name Palo Alto on the locality which still retains it. The name was suggested by the solitary redwood beneath which the expedition camped for five or six days. In the summer of 1770 Monterey was occupied.

In 1772, another expedition, under Fages, covered much of the same ground, and also explored in the vicinity of Salinas and San José, along the east side of the bay and northward around the bend toward Carquinez.

Then came the Rivera expedition. The two maps which were made by Pedro Font, priest and trained geographer who accompanied this expedition, contain drawings of the redwood known as the Palo Alto. Father Gleason called this the first landmark on the peninsula.

The Anza expedition of 1775, of epic significance, brought colonists, artisans and herds. The site of San Francisco had been carefully gone over by the previous expeditions. Now the presidio and mission were established there.

Missions were being founded all along the California coast, by this time, and those Spanish settlements were developing which, passing, have left to California its heritage of romance and of musical place-names.

Robert E. Cowan, author of an exhaustive volume on "source books" relating to the history of this state, addressed the Society at the Palace Hotel, February 15, on "The Bibliography of California," saying that probably not less than 10,000 entries would be required to make a list of important books on this subject.

Alexander S. Taylor was mentioned as the author of the first bibliography of the state, which was published in the Sacramento Union in 1862.

The speaker said that the Hubert Howe Bancroft Library, which has been presented to our State University, is of incalculable value to the people, and most of the material contained in it would have disappeared in the ruck of time if it had not been for the energy and perseverance of Bancroft.

Alta California (approximately the present state of California) was sixty-five years old before it had a press. In 1833 a press was brought from Mexico and was used at Monterey for official documents and small books. The press was removed to Sonoma by General Vallejo, but was returned to Monterey, where it slumbered in a warehouse until 1846, when it was revived by the Americans, and put to work by Colton, Semple and others. In 1846 Samuel Brannan brought a press to San Francisco, and soon after that other presses were introduced into California.

Miss Mary Floyd Williams' history of the Vigilante Committee of 1856, the speaker said, is a masterpiece, and in addition to an account of the stirring events presents a marvelous bibliography. The first Vigilante Committee, he said, left practically no written records.

The bibliographical works of H. R. Wagner, entitled "The Plains and the Rockies" and "California Imprints," were declared to be productions of sterling worth.

Boutwell Dunlap and H. R. Wagner, members of the Society, spoke briefly, declaring that Cowan's modesty had prevented him from describing his own manuscript compilation of the bibliography of California, which contains about 9,000 entries, and his published work which Dunlap and Wagner declared will remain as a monument to Cowan and his devotion to the history of California.



At the meeting on March 25, Mrs. William E. Purdy addressed the members on "Portsmouth Square." Her address is printed elsewhere in this issue.

